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H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS

HEYWOOD BROUN

CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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PPOTATOES ARE GOING DOWN; Presidents are going up. Potatoes touched the lowest mark in any July in sixty years when they sold in the New York wholesale market for less than one cent a pound. Presidents reached the zenith of cash value, at least in prospect, when the expenses of the coming Presidential campaign were estimated at ten million dollars. That is the highest figure for campaign expenditures in our history. After careful inspection the potatoes seem to be a better bargain than the Presidents. Potatoes are substantial things that a man can bite his teeth into; the two leading Presidential candidates offer nothing of that sort to the voters. Intelligent citizens will decide that the difference between the two old parties is not worth paying for—and will spend their money for potatoes. The very Wet, the very Dry, and the power interests will contribute heavily to the campaign. Of these the power interests are the ones to fear; the Drys and Wets will cancel each other. The power interests will work with an overflowing treasury under a half-dozen varying disguises. They will buy important men in both parties—and the extent of their success will not be apparent until the vote is taken next winter in Congress on the public development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. The one important check upon their purchasing is the revised Federal Corrupt Practices Act. The Republicans and the Democrats are expected to report their gifts and givers every thirty days.

Perhaps the lengthened shadow of Vare, Smith, Fall, and Sinclair will frighten away some likely customers.

WHEN THERE WERE RUMORS that Owen D. Young, president of the General Electric Company, might be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York State Mr. Young issued a statement. Mr. Young, it read, "is not and will not be a candidate for Governor of the State of New York." If the author of "I do not choose to run" and other equally cloudy phrases ever wearies of fishing the Brule River we suggest that he retire to his study and ponder the simple clarity of Mr. Young's words. If a man is sure that he does not wish to run for office, the English language provides precise ways of saying so.

THE RELIGION OF BUSINESS, the deepest conviction which most Americans hold, seems to have been responsible for the retirement of John J. Raskob from active connection with the affairs of the General Motors Corporation as the price of his acceptance of the management of the Presidential campaign of Governor Smith. For despite the effort to keep all appearances of a row from the public, the newspaper accounts suggest that Mr. Raskob was forced out through the pressure of Hoover supporters among the company's directors and banking interests which feared injury to the corporation's business because of identification with the Democratic Party. In accepting the resignation the president of General Motors suggests that Mr. Raskob will be welcomed back after the campaign. But there is no good reason why he should have been forced to resign. If his political duties promised to interfere with his business, he might properly have asked for a furlough until after election; nothing further was necessary. But business has so become the religion of modern Americans that they cannot divorce a man from his job or recognize his right to any interests or loyalties outside of it. This is not equally true in other countries and ought not to be so here. It is a false public opinion which does not permit Mr. Raskob to be active both as a Democrat and in the affairs of General Motors without the assumption of any connection between the two. The public opinion which has actuated Mr. Raskob's action is the same which leads a university to dismiss a professor because he makes a few speeches for the Socialists in a political campaign.

THE BRITISH PLAN of governing Egypt is quite simple. Give the natives a show of self-government but keep all the police power in British hands. Create a parliament with permission to talk but with no power to drive out the British invaders, or tax them directly, or take away their extraterritorial rights. Then, if the Parliament becomes obstreperous, suspend it for three years through a king appointed from London who is a creature of the British High Commissioner. That is what the British Government did on July 19—ten years after Egyptian workers had been drafted into a labor corps and compelled to help Britain win a war for the self-determination of subject peoples. For Egypt self-determination has

included complete suppression of freedom of the press, with British control of the Suez Canal, British armies on Egyptian soil, and a British general in command of Egyptian police. The Nationalists, who comprise about nine-tenths of the native population, have lost faith in a government which has promised them "freedom" some sixty-odd times, so they rejected the Sarwat-Chamberlain treaty last spring and their Ministry resigned in a body. Today their "government" consists of King Fuad, who talks like a ventriloquist's dummy and gets his picture in the London papers.

THE OFT-MADE CHARGE by Mexico's revolutionists that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of that country is medieval in character and far from spiritual would seem to derive some substantiation from the statement made public in Rome by Archbishop Ruiz y Flores of the archdiocese of Michoacan, Mexico. Said that prelate in commenting on the assassination of President-elect Obregon, as reported in the *New York World*:

Unhappily it is but natural that the newly elected President should perish by violence. He caused so many people's death that sooner or later the friends of those whose blood he shed would have killed him. . . . I don't think Obregon's assassination will jeopardize the chances of settlement. It may help them. Calles . . . probably desires peace more anxiously than before. He is tired of bloodshed. Besides, the federal finances are in a parlous state. Calles needs money, and it won't be forthcoming until a settlement between the Catholics and Liberals is reached.

These words come pretty close to condoning murder. It is just such an attitude that has caused the Mexican clergy to give its implicit support to the rebellion and the consequent bloodshed of the last two years, which Archbishop Ruiz y Flores declares he believes Calles is now "tired of." Contrast with the Mexican archbishop's statement that of an American Catholic prelate, Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, who quite properly declared:

The assassination of the President-elect of Mexico will be deplored by the whole civilized world. It is an outrage against every law of God and man. My utter condemnation of it and all connected with it cannot be made too emphatic.

IN THE MOUNTJOY and Maryboro jails the Irish Free State has put some of its political prisoners. And according to a report by the Women's Prisoners' Defense League on thirty-one men and women now held in Irish and English prisons for their Republican activities, the conditions in the Free State jails are "appalling." In addition to the fact that "none of the prison reforms adopted in civilized countries have been introduced" the report states that

Everything is done to degrade the prisoner, nothing to improve him. Except for illiterates who cannot read or write, there are no classes. There are no lectures, no music, no recreations to vary the hideous monotony of exercise round and round asphalt rings inclosed by high walls.

While some have been imprisoned for distributing literature, carrying firearms, or for crimes of violence, others have been arbitrarily arrested and kept in prison without trial—often for a year or longer. Over long periods they are kept in solitary confinement, locked in their cells twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, with no distinction between the treatment of the Republican prisoners and the ordinary

criminals. Appeals are now being forwarded to Timothy A. Smiddy, Minister of the Irish Free State in Washington, asking his personal investigation into these charges.

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS in prison Oscar Slater has been set free by the Scottish Court of Appeals on the ground that he is an innocent man. Slater, now fifty-six years of age and looking older because of his long imprisonment, was convicted of the murder and robbery of an aged woman of Glasgow. At the trial Slater was identified by twelve persons as the man seen leaving the premises of the murdered woman, and he was originally sentenced to death. But the testimony of the eye-witnesses—like those in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial—was so specious and unsatisfactory that 20,000 persons signed a petition for clemency for the prisoner and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Later several prominent Englishmen interested themselves in the case and Slater's innocence was eventually established to the satisfaction of the courts. It is expected that Parliament will make some money compensation to Slater, but what money can compensate a man for eighteen years of wasted life? It seems like an incredible lapse of justice, yet here in America we executed Sacco and Vanzetti, while Tom Mooney and the Centralia prisoners are still in jail.

MOST OF THE APPLAUSE for the contestants in the transatlantic yacht race from New York to Spain went to the Nina, the winner in the class for small craft. The diminutive Nina, in command of her owner, Paul Hammond, made the 3,055 knots from Sandy Hook to Santander in twenty-four days, truly remarkable time for so small a vessel, and according to accounts she behaved splendidly in all kinds of wind and weather. The Nina covered more than 200 miles on two days of the passage and at one time logged thirty-seven knots in four hours. Right on the heels of the Nina when she made port on the other side was the larger schooner Elena, owned by William B. Bell. The Elena, starting a week later than the Nina, won in the class for larger yachts after a driving race in which she outfooted the veteran schooner Atlantic, winner of the German Emperor's cup twenty-three years ago.

THE BUSINESS OF ARCHAEOLOGY has not reached the pinnacles which transatlantic flying and moving-picture acting have attained, but it is looking up. What with signed testimonials to wrist watches, cigarettes, bouillon tablets, socks, hair-ribbons, and automobile tires, theatrical and radio contracts, book royalties and fees for more or less exclusive newspaper articles, flying must—for those who get there—have become a profitable adventure, comparable to starring in the films. But the archaeologists have been slow. Consider, for instance, the farmers who run the Glozel show in France. This is the farm, our readers may recall, where marvelous prehistoric relics were discovered, proving the existence of a ten-thousand-year-old pre-Phoenician alphabet. It was all very thrilling. But the professors began to disagree; some suggested that the relics were not Neolithic but late Roman, and others shouted that they were neo-modern—post-World War, in fact. A committee of international paleontologists solemnly visited the field, dug with their little trowels, and announced their decision that the relics were mid-Victorian. The Glozelians, led by Salomon Reinach, however, still in-

sisted upon their antiquity; while the anti-Glozelians continued to shout that the peasant Fradin manufactured them in his barn. Now those who take the baths at Vichy make regular trips to the Fradin farm. Germaine Fradin sells admission to a dark little museum at four francs each; Emile Fradin, the peasant who "found" the "relics," lectures on their scientific significance; grandfather Fradin sells autographed picture post cards when not working on the new Glozel cafe. It is a good beginning; but the Fradins might do better still with the aid of a Yankee publicity man.

PROBLEM: IF 200,000 WORKERS of the General Motors Corporation can get \$2,000 life-insurance policies and \$15-a-week sickness-and-accident insurance benefits for a payment of five cents per worker per day, how much would it cost all the workers of America to get the same insurance through a federal-government social insurance system? Answer: Sh! The big insurance companies do not like that kind of question. Recall their public agony during the campaign for health-insurance laws in the years immediately following the war! Nevertheless, we think that a number of people will ask that question when they read that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has written the largest group insurance policy in history for the General Motors Corporation at an exceedingly low rate—the total payments for this insurance will be about seven cents per worker per day. In itself the plan seems admirable; it distributes the burden of social risk, it demonstrates the economy of large-scale insurance, and it tends to encourage the group practice of medicine. But it gives to a powerful anti-union corporation one more weapon for breaking strikes, the double-edged weapon of discharge and the loss of insurance protection. Probably the General Motors Corporation does not intend to use its social insurance as a class weapon, but the potentialities are there. A government plan of social insurance would be more democratic and more economical; it would not restrict the right of industrial protest and it could reach everybody.

WE ARE HEARTILY for the campaign now on in New York and other States to insist upon proper headlights for motor vehicles. At least 364 serious automobile accidents in New York State in 1927 were due directly to the blinding of drivers, and no one can estimate the number of less serious ones. In Schenectady, during the week of June 11, the police stopped 1,638 cars only to find that 427 carried dangerous headlights. Now the interesting thing is that a remarkable headlight has been developed which meets all the tests, but the daily press, either because of ignorance of this fact or fear of giving free advertising, has refrained from mentioning it. We refer to the Ryanlite, the invention of the chief engineer of the General Electric Company, who devoted himself to the problem after having himself twice been sent into ditches owing to the glare of the other fellow's lights. Mr. Ryan's invention floods the road with a soft, non-glaring illumination, which goes much further to the side of the road than any other, makes possible the reading of all road signs without leaving the car, and blinds nobody—not even an approaching pedestrian. It also enables the driver to see the road ahead of him, even when passing another car, thus eliminating that dreadful dark moment which has caused the death of so many pedestrians. We suppose that the several States cannot prescribe a patented article like this, but we commend it to all auto-

mobile clubs and to all the agencies interested in combating the evils of the ordinary headlights. The Automobile Club of Australia has already pronounced the Ryanlite to be the most satisfactory submitted to it for testing.

OPTHALMIA NEONATORUM, commonly known as "babies' sore eyes," has been reduced as a cause of blindness among children admitted to schools for the blind 64 per cent in the last twenty years. This remarkable achievement, according to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, comes as the result of a nation-wide educational campaign conducted by the society since it was organized in 1908. It has encouraged the adoption of laws, in most States, requiring doctors, nurses, or others in attendance to put prophylactic drops in the eyes of babies at birth. Thus what was once the most prolific of all causes of blindness has been brought under very effective control with its complete eradication now scientifically possible. We have here a demonstration of the tremendous good that can come from the wide use and popularization of new scientific knowledge. Much the same message is conveyed by the announcement of the American Child Health Association that the infant mortality rate in cities of the United States during 1927 was lower than in any previous year. Last year the rate was 64.9 deaths for each 1,000 births, as compared with 100 in 1915. In the 683 cities studied it was found that the larger places—above 250,000 population—had the lower rates. It is, of course, not possible to attribute this reduced death-rate to any single cause, but improved medical knowledge and experience, together with more enlightened social and economic conditions, must be outstanding factors in the result.

W. C. BROWNELL was one of the best American critics, though not one of the best known. Wherever good writing and careful judgment were esteemed, "American Prose Masters" and "Victorian Prose Masters" were also valued; but there was nothing in either book to attract the casual or lazy reader. It took a kind of discipline to cope with Mr. Brownell's long, lean, and richly meditated sentences; and it took wisdom to realize how much he knew about literature, and how well fitted he was to judge it. The effort, however, was worth while, for he was an aristocrat of criticism—this in spite of his constant preoccupation with the theme of democratic culture. He was a critic of society, too, as those who know his "French Traits" will remember, or as those who read his last book, "Democratic Distinction in America," will admit even though they may not have agreed with his position there. In "The Genius of Style," published two years ago, Mr. Brownell, while maintaining the grave and witty excellence of his manner, revealed the fact that he had by no means mastered the literature of this generation. His objections to it, just though many of them were, smacked nevertheless of another century and made it clear that he was not to speak in his old age with a valuable voice. Time, indeed, had put him in a curiously paradoxical position: while he continued in polished accents to consider the future of culture in democracies, younger and rougher critics like Mr. Mencken arose to announce in the language of the market-place that democracy was dead, or at least absurd. Mr. Brownell had not written for this journal in recent years, but *The Nation* considers him one of the most distinguished contributors it ever had.

As Like as Two Peas

THAT is what the two older political parties have become—as like as two peas. They have been tending in this direction for years, as *The Nation* has long been pointing out. But in this campaign we are getting frank admissions of this fact from quarters in which the effort has hitherto been made to convince the voters that there really were radical differences between what the Republicans and Democrats stood for. Walter Lippmann of the *New York World* was quite open about it in his radio debate the other night with Ogden L. Mills, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The only difference between the two platforms on foreign affairs, Mr. Lippmann admitted, was that while both were voluble and vague the Republican took longer to read. Both mean about the same thing, for, he said, “both were written by men determined to use the largest words with the smallest meaning.” As for William Allen White, he is quite cynical, not to say ribald, about it. The Republicans, he declares, sighed over corruption and “the Democrats yelled about it at the top of their voices.” As for prohibition, the Republicans were for its enforcement “in a gentlemanly way”; the Democrats “evaded as far as they dared the promise to enforce the Volstead Act.” For the rest, according to the doctrine in Emporia:

On farm relief the Republicans heaved a sigh at the sad state of the farmer, and promised him exactly what the Democrats have promised, except that with their promise the Democrats gave the farmer three lusty cheers. On other matters—excepting the tariff, wherein each party was traditional, neither being really excited about it—both parties were explicit without enthusiasm. But speaking broadly, one may say that if the Republican platform is the sublimation of a silent tear, the Democratic platform is a passionate straddle in white pants.

If Mr. Lippmann and Mr. White are not quite fair in some respects—the Democrats abandoned at Houston their historic tariff position, while the Democratic planks on foreign policy are distinctly more liberal and anti-imperialistic than the Republican—a prominent official of the Wilson Administration has admitted privately that, with the surrender of the Democrats on the tariff and their indifference to the League of Nations, there is now no worth-while distinction between the two parties. “It has come down,” he declares, “to the simple decision whether you prefer the man Hoover to the man Smith.” This is more to the point because of the determined effort to make it appear that Smith is no more dangerous to business than is Hoover. Mr. Olvany, the head of Tammany Hall, did not wait to return to New York before issuing a statement from the train that business had nothing whatever to fear from Smith. More than that, for the first time in years a Democratic banner has been hung in Wall Street. It certifies to the support of Alfred E. Smith by the business men’s association of the lower part of that historic thoroughfare. But the thing does not stop there. Governor Smith has himself chosen the chairman of the board of General Motors as his campaign manager, while William H. Woodin, president of the American Car and Foundry Company, has also joined the Democratic forces.

What matters it beside this that a college president from the South, a former Senator from Oklahoma, and a Democratic committee-woman from Maine have joined the Hoover forces? What the Democrats are doing is muzzling the Republican orators who usually assure the country that the Democrats are certain to upset all business if their candidate is elected. Obviously they cannot do that when Judge Olvany, Colonel Herbert H. Lehman, Mr. Raskob, Mr. Woodin, and the Lower Wall Street Business Men’s Association are there to certify that Governor Smith’s election will not injure what is left of Coolidge prosperity. This is certainly a new role for the Democratic Party. It is thus no longer the defender of the small business man, the protagonist of the worker, the sworn protector of the plain people who suffer from the money power and the trusts. It has forgotten that only sixteen years ago that Democratic President who was so highly praised at the Houston convention chose for the keynote of his successful campaign for the White House the fact that “the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States.” In addition he insisted that “the government of the United States at present is a foster-child of the special interests. It is not allowed to have a will of its own,” and he declared that through him and the Democratic Party the government would be taken away from “the big manufacturers, the bankers, and the heads of the great railroad combinations.”

The truth is that this apostasy of the Democratic Party is a sorry business for the voters. There still are vital issues before the American people. What is happening is that both candidates for the Presidency are kowtowing to the business powers that control. When Governor Smith’s backers portray him as safe and sane for all business they picture him as faithless to the soundest tenets of the Democracy. He ought not to be safe and sane for all business. He ought to be as dreaded by lawless business and that portion of the business world which is seeking to acquire certain birthrights of the American people as was Woodrow Wilson when he was putting through his “Seven Sisters” laws against the corporations in New Jersey. For the Democracy of Grover Cleveland to support the tariff and to pretend that the organization is like the Republican Party in all its aims and ambitions is indeed to reduce the whole business to a question of personality, to whether you like Al Smith’s brown derby or prefer Mr. Hoover’s conventional straw hat; whether you prefer to have Mrs. Hoover in the White House rather than Mrs. Smith; whether you think that Smith’s election would or would not turn over the United States government to the Pope. All the vast problems of capitalism and labor are shoved aside; no issues are defined on vital foreign problems.

It is still true, of course, that the candidates may make sharp issues if they will. But on what? Prohibition? Mr. Hoover has spent nearly seven and one-half years in two Administrations neither of which has made the slightest real effort to enforce prohibition. Neither will Mr. Hoover do so if he is elected. In the end the question still is: Do you like Smith better than Hoover? There is no difference whatever between their parties.

Our Treaty with China

THE United States took the lead in recognizing Nationalist China when John Van A. MacMurray, American Minister at Peking, signed a treaty on July 25 which acknowledged the right of China to tariff autonomy next January. Secretary Kellogg deserves high praise for the promptness with which the treaty was executed; it is a welcome gesture of friendship at a critical moment in the establishment of the new government. Admiral Bristol made a still more welcome gesture when he effected the recall of 1,500 American marines from Tientsin. The two gestures coming simultaneously will help materially to win Chinese friendship and to force a general recognition by other Powers of the Nationalist group as the actual government of China.

Once more, as in the handling of the Nanking incident of March, 1927, the Administration's diplomacy puts us in a strategic position to determine the policy of Great Britain, France, and other nations which share with us in the penetration of China. Will the Government use the advantage of that strategic position effectively to win justice for the Nationalists? The history of the last three years seems to indicate that while we are genuinely friendly to the aspirations of Chinese nationalism, our Government is slow to relinquish any of the conditions of special privilege which exist for Americans in China.

Events have moved so rapidly during recent months that it may be well to ask: Where are we in relation to Chinese sovereignty and treaty rights?

At the Washington Conference we and other Powers agreed to open negotiations for restoring to China the control of her tariff and her courts. After long delay special conferences were called on tariff and extraterritoriality. As to tariff, the Powers agreed to give China autonomy in January, 1929; as to extraterritoriality, they were not so liberal. They laid down an elaborate set of conditions which China must fulfil before her courts could have jurisdiction over foreigners. Before the negotiations were ended, the revolution swept northward and the Peking diplomats were forced to flee for their lives. Finally Chang Tso-lin fell, and a new Nationalist Government is knocking at our door and reminding us of the unequal treaties and our pledges.

We cannot refuse these Nationalists recognition; they are the government of China. We cannot stick by the unequal treaties; we have pledged ourselves again and again to eliminate those treaties. The sole question of importance is: How fast will we move in giving back China to the control of the Chinese?

Mr. Kellogg was swift enough in executing the new treaty with China concerning tariff autonomy to satisfy the most exacting, but there is one clause in that treaty which is so laden with possibilities of delay that it may fairly be described as a joker. The phrase runs:

subject, however, to the condition that each of the high contracting parties shall enjoy in the territories of the other, with respect to the above specified and any related matters, treatment in no way discriminatory as compared with the treatment accorded to any other country.

We do not actually agree to give China tariff autonomy until the other great Powers have granted it. If Britain,

France, and Japan find technical causes of delay in giving tariff autonomy to China, our special privileges will continue with theirs. Moreover, the treaty raises doubts in another direction; it says nothing about extraterritoriality. Why was Mr. Kellogg silent on that subject both in his note and in the treaty?

Three practical measures suggest themselves as natural next steps in American policy, if this new treaty is more than political elocution. Let us recall more of our marines; we still have 2,600 in China even after Admiral Bristol has returned one delegation. Let us volunteer to modify our extraterritorial rights immediately in such a way that Chinese judges can participate in the trial of all American citizens in China. Let us protest against the Japanese usurpation of power in Manchuria.

This last will be most difficult to do for a nation whose hands are not clean, but for the Chinese it is the most important thing we can do. Japan is the greatest obstacle which stands between the Nationalists and Chinese political unification—and Japan is clearly violating in Manchuria the pledge which she gave us at the Washington Conference to respect the sovereignty of China.

Crystal Eastman

CRYSTAL EASTMAN is dead. And all over the world there are women and men who will feel touched with less, who will look on a world that seems more sober, more subdued. In her short life Crystal Eastman brushed against many other lives, and wherever she moved she carried with her the breath of courage and a contagious belief in the coming triumph of freedom and decent human relations. These were her religion. She preached it in many places and in many forms. In the struggle for woman's suffrage and for equality between men and women; in her work for peace and the rule of reason among peoples; in the fight for social justice and human liberty—as feminist, pacifist, socialist—she fought for her faith. Her strength, her beauty, her vitality and enthusiasm, her rich and compelling personality—these she threw with reckless vigor into every cause that promised a finer life to the world. She spent herself wholly, and died—too young.

Crystal Eastman was a great leader. Those who knew her, know these words are not too strong. When she spoke to people—whether it was to a small committee or a swarming crowd—hearts beat faster and nerves tightened as she talked. She was simple, direct, dramatic. Force poured from her strong body and her rich voice, and people followed where she led. Her vitality overflowed into thousands of other feebler spirits and made them, for the moment at least, into the likeness of herself. In her personal as in her public life her enthusiasm and strength were spent without thought; she had no pride or sense of her own power. Her capacity for warm and generous friendships seemed unlimited.

Early in her life Crystal Eastman studied law and was admitted to the bar; but she gave up legal work to turn to social studies. She wished to come closer to human beings in their social and industrial lives and to bring a trained understanding to the devious causes of their troubles. She helped make the famous Pittsburgh survey for the Russell Sage Foundation; later she was appointed a member—the

only woman member—of the New York State Employers' Liability Commission. She became its secretary and in 1911 published a masterly report on "Work Accidents and the Law." But Crystal Eastman came honestly by her zeal and her capacity for leadership, and social work could not hold her. Her father and mother, both Congregational ministers, were the center of intellectual vigor and freedom in their up-State town, and her mother particularly was an active advocate of "women's rights" in the days when such a stand took courage and humor and a readiness to endure ridicule and dislike. Crystal Eastman flung her ardent energies into the suffrage fight. She became State leader of the suffrage forces in Wisconsin in 1911 and 1912. From then on until the vote was won, she campaigned and spoke for suffrage. She was always associated with the more militant wing of the movement; and later she joined the Woman's Party and supported it in its fight for the "blanket amendment," although she was opposed to any narrow legal interpretation of women's rights.

As a feminist Crystal Eastman was more than an ardent, militant advocate of votes for her sex. She was to thousands of young women and young men a symbol of what the free woman might be. Unlike some of her contemporaries, embittered by the long and unreasoning struggle, she never lost her sense of balance or her friendly sympathy with men. She fought not for a sterile victory for her sex but for her religion—the triumph of freedom and decent human relations. Since they could be won only through the winning of equality and the vote—those must come first. But she was fair and steady and consistent. Equality worked both ways. It was not a gesture but a simple article of her belief that she should refuse alimony when she was divorced from her first husband. She is quoted as saying:

No self-respecting feminist would accept alimony. It would be her own confession that she could not take care of herself. Alimony has nothing to do with the support of children, which, of course, must always be the mother's and father's joint responsibility whether they live together or not.

This acceptance of the responsibilities of freedom along with its privileges was a solid principle. She believed in absolute equality. She would have abolished, along with the legal discriminations against women, all the laws which favored them. This included every form of protection whether in the form of property, or alimony, or support by a husband, or industrial safeguards. One may question the social wisdom of her position, but no one could doubt its courage or sincerity. She saw in the light of her faith a world in which men and women worked and played and loved as equals; nothing less than this would satisfy her.

Once in New York, before the war broke over the head of a hopeful world, a series of meetings was held to discuss the perennial subject of women's advancement—their right to self-support; their right to every sort of job; their right, even when married, to keep their own names. Crystal Eastman tackled a bold subject. She discussed women's right to physical equality with men. With humor and vivid imagination she pictured a cheerful Utopia of young athletes of both sexes, the girls unhampered by preconceived ideas of what was fit or proper or possible for their sex to achieve. She drew her examples from circus tents and battlefields and the fields of European peasants. She asserted that when women were expected to be agile, they became agile;

when they were expected to be brave, they developed courage; when they had to endure, their endurance broke all records. As she stood there, herself an embodiment of tall, easy strength and valor, her words took on amazing life. Whether science would sustain her theories or reject them made little difference. The fact was that not one woman left that hall but felt a little taller, straighter; stronger, more self-confident; and not one man left without a stir of a new sort of respect for women somewhere beneath his ribs. Crystal Eastman created the thing she preached.

As a pacifist Crystal Eastman was also a militant. She was the vigorous leader of the Woman's Peace Party in New York State during the early years of the Great War, piloting that organization through stormy days when it was denounced as pro-German and when some of its members dropped off to support the war or to roll bandages. She turned the energies of this women's society into dramatic, vigorous protest and caught the attention of a country already sliding into the fatal whirlpool. With equal vigor she shared the labors of the editor of *The Nation* and other pacifists who founded the American Union Against Militarism, a body which stood firm even when the war itself trampled their protest under iron feet.

But pacifism had failed to save the world. In 1917 Crystal Eastman joined her brother Max on the staff of the *Liberator*, successor to the *Masses*. For two years they fought against war and in behalf of social change. They hailed the Soviet Revolution in Russia as the embodiment of their dreams. They watched with high hope the tide of revolutionary sentiment rise in Central Europe, as famine and the devastation of war and the truckling of the peace makers made the workers more and more desperate and conscious of their plight.

The tide of revolution subsided; and in the years which followed Crystal Eastman, living for the most part in England with her two children and her husband, Walter Fuller, devoted herself to a more quiet life of writing and speaking on subjects concerning women. But quiet was not her natural medium. She longed to get to work—and work meant America. It was almost exactly a year ago that she came to New York, determined to find herself again in the world of active affairs. The months which followed bruised her body and spirit; but only her death ended her hopes. She had been in this country less than a month when word came that her husband had died. His loss was an irreparable blow. She was herself ill, but she fought off despair and physical suffering. With a courage that now appears almost incredible she organized and carried through to a brilliant finish *The Nation's* Tenth Anniversary celebration.

Into that campaign she put all her old-time fire and imagination. She concealed even from herself the deadly force of the disease that had assailed her. Only when she had finished her work and gone home to rest did her illness finally overwhelm her. She faced this last fight with the same defiant courage that had carried many a battle in her earlier days. But the flesh was less strong than the spirit, and the deadly effect of nephritis could not be stood off by any courage.

Mingled with our sorrow and deep sense of loss, we shall always feel pride and gratitude that it was to *The Nation* that Crystal Eastman turned when she came back to America. Her spirit and her steady faith in peace and freedom and justice lent strength to our own purpose, and they will remain with us.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE laborer is worthy of his hire and yet nobody likes him. Gene Tunney, deprived of love, purposes to seek consolation in philosophy. It is perhaps unfair to speak of this champion as one rejected by all men. As a matter of fact, he is a critics' pet. All professional commentators applaud his high talent, if not his genius, and W. O. McGeehan, most cynical of sporting writers, never mentions the Fighting Marine without paying him the tribute of tearful admiration. In other words, Tunney is an enormous hit with that wise public which comes to boxing matches on passes. As yet he has not touched the heart of America.

The reasons for this are not difficult to find. The heavyweight king possesses in a high degree that commodity which never yet drew sighs of delight from any save collectors. He has technique. It was an actress in a play by Jimmy Forbes who said, "Technique is what you work all your life to get and when you have it nobody likes it."

But Gene Tunney is entirely justified in his amazement at the lack of warmth which greets his greatest efforts. Can it be that such friends as Billy Phelps and Thornton Wilder have played him false? These teachers have impressed him with the worth of form. Indeed, the fighter would not set down "The Winter's Tale" until he had perused it ten times. Always he found new contours in the play, and he was not content to stop until he had plowed down beneath the surface. At night in bed the restless champion might well inquire of himself, And why was it that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" sold better than my fight with Thomas Heeney?

This is a fair question because both achievements have been hailed by many as masterpieces. The "Bridge" and the fight both depended upon a certain unity of conception. Mr. Wilder undoubtedly knew before he set pen to paper the precise point at which his tale would end and the manner of its conclusion. But the same thing may be said for Mr. Tunney. He predicted in advance the way in which the contest would end, and the first left jab he laid upon the nose of the Hard Rock from down under was a piece of exposition. And even so, no Fight-of-the-Month Club or Pugilistic Guild has cared to send Tunney out to all its members.

Possibly Billy Phelps or Thornton Wilder might reveal to him in strictest confidence that the vast importance and popularity of sheer style are just a trifle exaggerated. Backed into a neutral corner Phelps might say that Shakespeare could have been only three-eighths as much the poet and still have swept the imagination of the world with tumultuous tales of duels, rapine, and murder. And Thornton Wilder, who tucks the lads of Lawrenceville into their cots at night, could give away the sham of Stevenson. When the smaller pupils ask for a bedtime story it is a custom among house masters to read them something like "Treasure Island" and to pretend that the book is being put forward as a masterpiece of English prose. Prose be damned! The teacher knows full well that the tale goes over because it deals with pirates.

Though the manners and the morals of the time might

well have shocked him Tunney would have done better by very much had he lived in the days of the Restoration. His touch is that of Congreve and he functions in a world which likes the broad effects of Cohan. Nor would Gene have been wholly out of line with popular sentiment in the days of Queen Victoria. He remains unhonored and unsung because he is a belated classicist in a world gone modern and experimental. That is not the Tunney way. A right-hand swing by Dempsey is very like a poem of Carl Sandburg's. The author plays for all or nothing. He is content to miss and fall upon his face if only now and then he can drive home a poetic or a fistic knockout. If I were Tunney's pugilistic mentor I would take away his Pater and his Herrick. Indeed, Billy Gibson might have been wiser to have discouraged the friendship with Thornton Wilder. If a fighting man must have writing chaps about him Zane Grey should have been drafted and a hurry call sent out for Robert Service.

In a sense the civilized world should have applauded the downfall of Thomas Heeney. He was not a constructive force in the aesthetic movement. All that could ever be said for the New Zealander was that he could take it. And for this reason the sporting writers called him Hard Rock and, later on, the Anvil and the Landing Field. Spiritually he belongs among the martyrs. Professor Phelps might expand upon this theme to Tunney. Or better yet, let Gene seek out old Doctor Freud and learn why it is that one touch of masochism makes the whole world kin.

Freud being in Vienna I will venture the assertion that the whole thing is very puzzling. According to popular psychologists men go to fights because there resides in each of us a primitive lust for cruelty. Gentleman Gene in his performances is not incapable of satisfying this public need. Although he is not the lion of the ring nor the black panther he has earned the right to be known as the Fighting Woodpecker. A single blow from his fist carries with it less than annihilation, but these punches are punishing enough and each one stings and cuts and wounds the adversary. The Tunney way of felling a foe bit by bit should please the sadists more than the swift, sweeping doom imposed by a Dempsey or a Firpo.

The catch lies in the fact that every unconscious is built around a deep ravine. The man in the ringside seat begins by identifying himself with the winning fighter. The blow which lands becomes through the spectator's imagination something he himself has accomplished against a relative or rival. But this cannot continue for ten rounds or more. Suddenly this same savage in a forty-dollar seat begins to recognize the beaten one as a blood brother. These jabs in fantasy pound upon the jaws of those who watch. When Heeney fell our hearts and hopes went with him. The salvation of success for Tunney depends not on further and even more flashing triumphs. In order to be loved he must go down and stay there. He had his chance. Dempsey sent him to the floor before the thousands in Chicago. Gene was a fool to come up. Wilder should have told him that. What is the "Bridge" but a story close to the heart of man because it details a history of frustration?

HEYWOOD BROWN

Can Al Smith Carry New Jersey?

By FREDERICK L. FERRIS

NEW JERSEY likes Al Smith. Separated from the sidewalks of New York only by the breadth of the many-tunneled Hudson, Jerseymen, too, have come under the spell of the hero of Oliver Street. They are familiar with the Governor's administrative record. They know his personal appeal. Predominantly urban, they relish his "brown derby" philosophy. From Port Jervis to Cape May, from Camden to Jersey City, thousands of Republicans and most of the Democrats are friendly toward Al.

For one thing, New Jersey is Wet, even, one might say, militantly Wet. Here is a State that has always been a thorn in the side of the Anti-Saloon League. In its leading cities, speak-easies are ten times as numerous as the old-fashioned licensed saloons. Al Smith, Jerseymen believe, is a man who if elected President will give them not more liquor but better liquor, a Messiah capable of leading them out of the Volstead wilderness with its contaminated oases into the promised land of real Bourbon and Pilsner.

For another thing, New Jersey's affairs have been linked, in recent years, more and more closely with those of the Empire State. The Port of New York Authority, that inter-State agency for the development of metropolitan commerce, is largely responsible for this increasingly intimate relationship. And Governor Smith's intelligent interest in bridge and tunnel construction, as well as in other of the Port Authority's major schemes, has impressed Jerseymen with his capacity, his far-sightedness, and his square dealing. Then, too, New Jersey has a big commuter vote that follows Wall Street. And Wall Street likes Al.

Such considerations might lead one to believe that New Jersey will break its rule next November and go Democratic. In Presidential years, the State is overwhelmingly Republican. Witness the pluralities of more than 350,000 which were given to Harding in 1920 and to Coolidge in 1924. Yet, Smith might seem capable of doing the impossible, of actually overwhelming the G. O. P.

But on second thought, and after careful investigation, it is evident that this is an over-optimistic forecast. And the reason is not Al's Catholicism. Nor is it his Fourteenth Street associations. The reason is Boss Hague. Mayor of Jersey City, overlord of Hudson County, and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Frank Hague has the New Jersey Democracy in the palm of his hand. In party affairs, his word is law. He has developed an organization which, in some respects, makes Tammany look amateurish by comparison. Three years ago, Clinton W. Gilbert, author of "The Mirrors of Washington," made a survey of Hague's methods. Gilbert concluded: "The Tammany side [of Hague] is twice as efficient as Tammany ever was."

Now, Boss Hague, much to the consternation of ardent Smith supporters, is under fire. He is under the fire, moreover, of powerful agencies—two legislative investigating committees, leading citizens of Hudson County, and the independent press of the State. A good many competent observers are of the opinion that, before this campaign is over, Smith will consider the Jersey boss more of a liability than an asset. Independent Democrats contrast the Smith-Hague alliance, emphasized by the appointment of Hague as

one of Al's Eastern campaign managers, with the aggressive fight Woodrow Wilson waged on the old New Jersey bosses. Many Wilson supporters are frankly declaring that Al Smith is a disappointment. They say that if Wilson had surrendered to the Jim Smith forces the way Al is bowing before the Hague group, he never would have won the independent vote. And Al, they point out, must get the independent vote to carry the State.

The fight against Hague and his political methods is no new thing. It has been going on, intermittently, for a number of years. But now it has developed an organized vigor which promises to result in a wholesale exposure of Hagueism and may even lead to criminal proceedings. Former Judge Robert Carey of Jersey City is largely responsible for the force of this 1928 onslaught. In the primary election last May, Carey was a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. He based his campaign upon the elimination of "commercialized politics." His chief target was Mayor Hague.

Carey fired the opening volley on March 15 in an address before the Union County Republican Committee. Among other things, he said:

Let me tell you people of the rest of the State what this system [the Hague machine] really is. It has been built up by the liberal distribution of patronage and the granting of special privileges in almost every walk of life. The Hague machine is made up of office-holders, many of whom should have no place whatever on the public pay roll. Literally hundreds, yes, thousands of unnecessary jobs have been created and filled. Every principal official is given a deputy, a deputy gets a secretary, and so it runs down the line, and nobody walks. This organization is operated by its bosses solely to perpetuate political control so that the bosses may get their hands not only into the public treasury but also into the private business of the community. . . . Bosses grow fabulously rich, buy fine summer homes, own large apartment houses, live like princes without any visible means of substantial support.

Carey then sketched a picture of a community literally terrorized by political machinations. Police captains, he said, are sent out to collect from business houses, industrial organizations, and professional men. Office-holders must pay annual tribute, 3 per cent of their incomes, upon demand. Gambling thrives; industry is throttled; labor conditions are intolerable; taxes, unbearable. "Men lose their liberty," said Carey. "This is what is happening in Hudson County today." This explosion had repercussions in every independent newspaper in the State. With the legislature in session, the air buzzed with political gossip. Carey stumped the State, presenting his case against boss rule in every big city and many small communities. Without organized support—the G. O. P. bosses were backing State Senator Morgan F. Larson—Carey continued his crusade. People called him "Fighting Bob."

Meantime, the Davis committee's investigation into the State Department of Banking and Insurance was begun. This had been in progress but a short time when the Hague machine received another powerful blow.

Hague had passed the word along to give John Milton,

then prosecutor of Hudson County, another term. As with other bosses, Hague feels he must control the court machinery in order to maintain full dominance. But it developed in the course of testimony before the Davis committee, that bank charters had been obtained by the payment of liberal fees, ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000, to henchmen of Boss Hague. The name of John Milton came out in this connection, as did that of John Fallon, Jr., son of a vice-chancellor. To make matters worse, Milton admitted, on the witness stand, profiting from his law practice at the rate of approximately \$300,000 annually. This sum, it was generally felt, represented the cash value, to Milton, of Hague's influence. These things looked so bad that, after the State Senate had refused confirmation, Milton's name was withdrawn and the Attorney General took charge of the Hudson County office, finally designating a deputy.

It was to be expected that Carey, playing a lone hand, would fail to land the Republican nomination for Governor. But he received, nevertheless, more than 140,000 votes. Had the progressive vote not been split among three candidates, Hague's foe doubtless would have defeated Larson, the G. O. P. organization favorite. But even the holding of the primary election did not silence Carey. He at once claimed that thousands of Hudson County Democrats had voted in the Republican ballot boxes, throwing their influence to Larson who, if not friendly to Hague, at least had neglected to fight him tooth and nail. Hague's county chairman, Leo Sullivan, had voted in the Republican primary box; so had other henchmen of the boss.

The State Legislature responded by creating another investigating committee with powers broad enough to permit a thorough investigation of alleged election frauds and other forms of political depravity in Hudson County. This body was headed by State Senator Clarence E. Case, who figured prominently among defense counsel in the Hall-Mills murder trial. Its sessions were recently adjourned until September. When it resumes work, the Presidential campaigns will be in full swing.

At the same time, Attorney General Katzenbach instituted a grand-jury probe of the Carey charges regarding primary frauds. But the Case committee unearthed the fact that two members of the panel themselves were Democrats who had voted as Republicans. Consequently, the grand-jury investigation was called off. It was then suggested that an outside jury be brought into Hudson County, but it is unlikely that this will be done until the legislative investigations have been completed.

In addition to uncovering numerous violations of the spirit, if not the letter, of the New Jersey election laws, the Case committee has written a sordid story of political sinecures into the annals of the State. The case of Sheriff John J. Coppinger, of Hague's county of Hudson, is illustrative. He is one of the Hague gang, having occupied the sheriff's office for almost two years. Questioned as to his duties and those of his subordinates, Coppinger showed amazing ignorance of the requirements of his \$11,000-a-year job. He knew that James Hague, index clerk at a \$3,500 salary and brother of the boss, "indexes different bills, whatever they give him." Beyond that, the Sheriff knew nothing at all.

Alfred H. Mansfield, who receives \$4,000 yearly as a County Health and Sanitary Inspector, admitted to the Case committee that he has never made an arrest during his 25-year occupancy of the office. It turned out that Mansfield is a Democratic district committeeman and president of the

Seminole Club, where the "boys" gather, after passing an outer guard who peers at them through a peep-hole, to play cards and eat sandwiches which, Mansfield said, are kept in the club ice-box.

The awarding by the Hoboken City Commission of a \$470,000 municipal garbage-removal contract, \$100,000 in excess of previous awards, also occupied the attention of the investigators. James J. McFeely and Mary McFeely are the supposed proprietors of the firm whose bid was accepted. They are brother and sister of "Barney" McFeely, Democratic sub-boss and Director of Public Safety in Hoboken. The McFeelys, Mary and James, were exceedingly vague about the company's operations, so vague, in fact, that charges of perjury are to be lodged against them by the Case committee. It did develop, however, that they are taxed on the basis of a \$300 valuation, though they own nine Mack trucks, two Cadillac trucks, and one Ford truck. It has been charged by an unsuccessful bidder that the award of the huge contract to the McFeely outfit was pre-arranged.

Jersey City's purchase of Split Rock Pond, Morris County, in 1922 was another matter that interested the Case committee. These 2,500 acres were bought by a corporation, according to witnesses, for \$124,000 and sold to the city, a few months later, for \$323,000. "Who got the profit?" Hague was asked. But the Mayor, though in office at the time, said he knew nothing of the transaction.

The Davis commission, conducting the bank investigation, is about to turn its attention to surety bonding. During his primary campaign, Judge Carey also attacked alleged scandalous activities of a bi-partisan nature in this fruitful field. "Teddy" Brandle's Branleygran Company in Hudson County and the Liberty Surety Bond Insurance Company, of Trenton, are the leading organizations which, it is said, are profiting in the bonding business.

Behind all these various enterprises, the legislative investigators, Judge Carey, and the New Jersey newspapers think they see the hand of Frank Hague. In consequence, Democrats who believe in the old ideals of the party see in Governor Smith's selection of Hague as one of his Eastern campaign managers not a trace of idealism but simply a sharp political move. From the standpoint of vote-getting, there is no denying Hague's ability. He is a professional Catholic and has enormous power with the church authorities in New Jersey. He knows how to line up the church vote, especially in the industrial centers with a large foreign population. Already he is organizing the foreign colonies in behalf of the Smith cause.

Hague is playing for big stakes. In 1907 he was an assistant sergeant-at-arms in the State House at Trenton. Since then he has been court constable, janitor in the City Hall in Jersey City, and, finally, Mayor of that municipality. He is not particularly keen about going before the voters of his own city for reelection next year. But if Al Smith is elected, he need not worry. His cohorts already see Hague as Postmaster General or Secretary of Labor in the Smith Cabinet.

Fortune has smiled upon Hague quite miraculously. Never having held a big-salaried job he is, nevertheless, part owner of a million-dollar apartment house in Jersey City and of a half-million-dollar estate on the shore at Deal. He has several Rolls-Royce cars and makes frequent pilgrimages to Europe and Palm Beach. National eminence, on the Smith bandwagon, would be a splendid way of top-

ping off so successful a career. And that, say the "boys," is Frank Hague's game.

These are a few of the chief reasons why independent Democrats and "Smith Republicans" in New Jersey are so keenly disappointed in Governor Smith. It would have been bad enough to retain Hague as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. But for Al to place a fond arm around his shoulders and murmur, "Hello, Francesco," and, quite needlessly, to make him an Eastern campaign manager—such things are bitter pills for thinking men and women.

Can Al Smith carry New Jersey? Well, in order to do so, it will be necessary for him to overcome a normal Re-

publican plurality of more than 300,000. Perhaps Boss Hague will be able to secure a sufficiently large foreign vote; perhaps he will find it possible to swing an unheard-of number of Smith ballots in Hudson County, where it is said they don't count the votes but weigh them. Even then, it is hard to see how Smith can win without making great inroads upon the Republican strength and without keeping in line the independent Democrats, many of whom are thoroughly disgusted with the Hague regime.

To sum it up, Hague will get many Jersey votes for the "happy warrior." But he will be responsible for the loss of many others. And the ones he loses will be those of progressives who love Smith but hate his company.

Norman Thomas

By MCALISTER COLEMAN

ALANKY six-foot-two of Ohio-born bone and muscle unlimbers itself above the speaker's platform at the corner of Avenue B and Houston Street, on New York's East Side. Flare-lights throw the long shadow of Norman Thomas across the heads of his audience, squat little tailors, for the most part, with here and there smudged mechanics, truck-drivers, and a sprinkling of women and children.

The speaker holds up a huge enlargement of a photograph of a working-class apartment erected by the Socialists of Vienna and then proceeds to wonder loudly and vehemently how it comes that in a comparatively poverty-stricken city like Vienna folks pay around two dollars a room a month for such splendid quarters, whereas in "prosperous" New York a worker is hard put to it to find decent housing at fifteen dollars. His audience begins to wonder with him. And then Thomas goes on to talk of things as they are and things as they might be; simple things like gas bills and rents and pay envelopes and the youngsters' schooling and the prices the women pay in the stores round about Avenue B.

One night last year toward the end of a hot campaign in the Eighth Aldermanic District a truck loaded with a Tammany band and a collection of children armed with rattlers and other noise-making horrors drove through the crowd in front of the platform where Thomas was speaking. The chieftain in charge of the invasion raised a pudgy hand as a signal to his youthful braves to cut loose and drown out Thomas. To his consternation, the kids, after one look at the speaker, piped with shrill gusto, "Yaaa! Norman Thomas!" That's a familiar enough war-cry on the East Side whenever he goes campaigning. The children, as yet unterrified by Tammany's elaborate and subtle machinery of fear, suspicion, and greed, have no hesitancy in voicing their love for Norman Thomas. Battalions trudge trustingly after him as he goes from one meeting-place to another, hang on the running-board of his campaign car, and besiege his headquarters the minute school is out. And at least three or four times when Thomas was running for alderman, mothers appeared with amazingly vocal infants whose last names ended in "ski" or "baum" but whose first two names were Norman Thomas.

Sometimes a former classmate of Thomas's at Princeton or a "respectable" hangover from the old Brick Church

days, passing by a street meeting at which Thomas is wondering aloud, stops to do some wondering of his own. How does it happen that a man of such obvious ability, magnetism, and fiery force can stoop to conquer the imaginations and hearts of the city's most submerged—the workers on the East Side, in the Bronx, and in Brownsville?

If Thomas is interested in the labor movement, all well and good. Ever so many intellectuals are "taking up the movement," writing pieces about it for magazines and newspapers, evincing an intelligently alert awareness of its existence. But here is Thomas running his good head off at the beck and call of every little union organizer, every Socialist who is getting up a meeting in some remote hall, every rank-and-filer who has a crowd to reach and a cause to preach. In last autumn's campaign Thomas made more than sixty speeches in two months, most of them out-of-doors, and he wrote enough words to fill a double-decker novel—all because he had been nominated for alderman by a small local of the Socialist Party in a strong Tammany district. When the votes were counted, an ignorant Tammany optometrist, whose boast was "I never go outdoors during a campaign," was sent back to the aldermanic chamber with a big majority. And now Thomas is running for President of the United States, as the leader of a party whose death has been officially announced time and again these past few years by conservatives and liberals and extreme radicals alike.

No one need feel sorry for Norman Thomas. There is little glory in what he is doing. Long nights in stuffy sleepers, long days filled with speech-making in labor halls, at farmers' picnics, at Socialist rallies; party conferences; newspaper interviews; pamphlet-writing; handshaking (at which, by the way, in spite of long practice Thomas is still singularly inept)—this is not most people's idea of a good time. But Thomas is having a magnificent time. He is doing what he wants to do and doing it well.

It is in the Thomas blood from the days when the Welsh preacher-men Thomases expounded their vigorous doctrines in the old country—this business of articulating ideas and ideals. The first of the Thomases to arrive in this country came from Wales in 1824. He was Thomas Thomas, a parson with a hill hunger on him which took him to the mountains of Pennsylvania, where he preached the forbidding doctrines of Calvin with a certain mellow touch

that made him the most beloved man of all the country round. He had found time to work his way through Lafayette College. His son, Welling Evan Thomas, followed in his footsteps and found himself, of all places, in charge of the Presbyterian Church in the late Mr. Harding's home town of Marion, Ohio, where Norman was born on November 20, 1884.

The two-story brick parsonage was on Prospect Street, a home sheltered by huge old maples, with a grape arbor in the rear, and woods and pasture-land right outside the door. Even when they moved further into town, and added a cow and a bathtub to the establishment, life at the Thomases' was still largely rural. Norman, the eldest of six children, soon learned what hard work meant. A ministerial income of \$1,200 a year for the clothing and feeding of four boys and two girls, especially such upshooting children as the Thomases, was in sad need of supplement. Everybody worked in that family, and mingled a keen respect for the father with a deep love for the mother, who before her marriage was Emma Matoon, a descendant of the French Huguenots who came to this country in 1650. Her father was a missionary to Siam and later became American consul. On his return to this country, immediately after the Civil War, he started one of the first schools for Negroes, near Charlotte, North Carolina. Starting schools for Negroes in the South in the turbulent days of reconstruction was no light undertaking.

Norman was obviously predestined for the ministry. He took the Marion High School in his long stride, being one of the youngest ever to be graduated from that institution. And then, when the family moved to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, he entered Bucknell. He was a long, gangling freshman, sticking out of his clothes, and out of his class as well, for he had read greedily all sorts and varieties of books back in the Marion parsonage and easily led his fellows in classroom work. Bucknell in those days was about as rigidly orthodox a place as one could find, but already the youngster was beginning to doubt and question the validity of creeds and dogmas. An unexpectedly beneficent relative gave him the chance to enter Princeton.

He left the small Pennsylvania college in a mood approaching exaltation. Princeton, to him, had been a place to dream about. "I was so afraid I would flunk out," he says, "that I worked like a trooper, tutoring at nights, working in a chair factory in summer, and selling aluminum-ware." So he stuck in the first group of his class for the next three years, and he was valedictorian of that class of 1905, and one of the most popular men in college. He was on the debating team, took all the courses in economics and politics which Princeton offered, and was moved, as were so many of the young men of those days, by the Princetonian Walter Wyckoff's pioneer labor book, "The Workers," and by the great strike of the anthracite miners led by John Mitchell. He was caught in the Thomas tradition, and he made the best compromise with it that he could by taking a job in the Spring Street Settlement, in New York's slums.

A trip around the world with the director of the settlement laid the foundations for his international outlook, but it was the World War which finally took him clear out of church circles into the heart of the labor and Socialist movement. He was in a church in East Harlem, working among the foreign-born of a tenement district, when the war brought its challenge to him as it did to every Christian minister. He answered that challenge by flatly refusing to

have anything to do with the bloody mess. Instantly "patriotic" pressures were brought to bear on him from all sides. Contributions to his social work stopped. There were attempts, mainly futile, at social ostracism. Then Morris Hillquit started his crusading campaign for mayor of New York City, and Thomas, to the utter consternation of all his respectable flag-waving associates, stood up with Hillquit in that historic struggle. At the close of the campaign Thomas found himself a full-fledged card-carrying, dues-paying member of the Socialist Party, with no church and only the slender editorial salary from his paper, the *World Tomorrow*, for the support of a large and husky family. His brother Evan was lugged off to jail as a conscientious objector. Snoopers and spies, official and self-appointed, dogged Norman night and day. Postmaster General Burleson paid him the compliment of saying that Thomas was a more dangerous man than Debs. He was dangerous—for those who were attempting to make a clean sweep of civil liberties; who used the war to exploit labor; dangerous for the peace of mind of every militarist minister.

With Roger Baldwin and Hollingsworth Wood he helped form the American Civil Liberties Bureau. What a hated institution that was! After the headquarters of the bureau had been raided, and the magnificently defiant Baldwin had been sent to jail, much of the pioneering work fell on Thomas's shoulders. And when he was not busy with editorial and civil-liberties affairs, he was going among the colleges, speaking for the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, the predecessor of the League for Industrial Democracy.

To these two organizations, the one with its program of freedom of speech, press, and assemblage, and the other with its goal of production for use rather than profit, and to the political expression of these ideals through the medium of the Socialist Party, Thomas has devoted his surprisingly varied and rich talents.

I have said that Thomas's empirical philosophy has unity and consistency, and this despite the fact that his usual activities in the course of a day cover what seem to be a bewildering range of subjects. When the Chinese Nationalists cable for funds, Thomas is on the Committee for Justice to China. When the Pullman porters organize a pioneer Negro industrial union, Thomas is called on for counsel. When the textile strikers in Passaic are prohibited from meeting, Thomas is the man who goes over to New Jersey and speaks under the menace of high-powered rifles in the hands of the operators' gunmen, and goes to jail with his head up, so that from then on the strikers may meet unmolested. When some adequate reply to the propaganda of the power lobby becomes a public necessity, Thomas is the driving spirit of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power which makes that ringing answer.

Always in the back of Thomas's mind is the fundamental necessity for the organization in this country of a political party representing the hopes and aspirations of those who produce the country's wealth by work of hand or brain. He was one of those who were instrumental in swinging his party's forces into the La Follette campaign, despite the opposition of many party Socialists. I have heard Thomas speak under all sorts of circumstances, and to all sorts of people, but I cannot remember his ever having used the credal Marxian dialectic "proletariat," "bourgeoisie," "the economic interpretation of history"—these are not in his vocabulary when he goes out to talk to workers and farmers, college students, and professional men and women.

Still he remains an internationalist, passionately following the poignant dream of bread, peace, and freedom for all people. Whether his speech or pamphlet or statement to the press begins with a discussion of the intricacies of municipal government, to which he brings expert knowledge, or a headlong attack upon the corruption of both old parties, or the deep damnation of imperialism, he generally concludes with a compelling plea for a peaceful world.

When Thomas told the convention which nominated him in New York that he did not expect to be elected President this year, many veteran hands were raised in horror. That

was not the sort of thing that a candidate says to his constituents. A sense of proportion, a richly mellowed understanding of reality, is not found in the arsenals of most campaigners. It is to the credit of the old-timers in the movement that, knowing very well Norman-Thomas's frequent departures from the faith of the fathers, they chose him for their leader, and are giving liberally to make his campaign a success. And a success it will be, if there is found in this country by next November a collective intelligence powerful enough to present to the united front of the two old parties an opposition worthy of the name.

The Truth About Tsinanfu

By H. J. TIMPERLEY

Peking, June 16

JAPAN'S statement to the League of Nations concerning the Tsinanfu affair, we are told in Geneva dispatches published here, has created a favorable impression. This may well be so, for the Chinese side of the argument was badly bungled. It is improbable, however, that this impression would be long sustained if the League took a notion to investigate thoroughly the whole circumstances surrounding the case.

One aspect which such an inquiry could hardly fail to reveal would be the provocative attitude of the Japanese military all through the affair. Neutral eye-witnesses, in which category I take the liberty of including myself, agree that the Nationalist occupation of Tsinanfu was as peaceful as could be wished for. The leading Nationalist columns which entered the city on the morning of May 1 halted quietly a block away from the Japanese barriers and displayed very little excitement about it. Senseless truculence, on the other hand, was shown from the beginning by the Japanese soldiery. Not content merely to remain quietly watchful behind their sandbags, as American or British troops would have done, they often were to be seen standing on top of the barricades with their bayonets thrust almost under the noses of the Nationalist troops that went marching by. "Here we are, come along and hit us," they almost said. Except for a perceptible lift of the eyebrow, the Southerners made no response to these demonstrations.

It became increasingly evident during the first two days of the Nationalist occupation, however, that a highly explosive situation gradually was working up. Foreign as well as Chinese civilians were handled on occasion with unnecessary roughness by the Japanese sentries on post. One such episode in which I was personally involved occurred within an hour or so of the Southerners' entry. I had gone across to the Tientsin-Pukow station just in time to see the last of the White Russian armored cars guarding the Northern retreat pull out slowly as the Nationalist troops appeared along the railway embankment. Chatting with a group of the newcomers, I found them peaceably disposed and friendly. Stein's Hotel, where I was staying, had a Japanese barricade around it. The sentries stationed there had let me go across to the station and return through the barricade without question, but when I returned from a second sortie, to the telegraph office, a Japanese soldier clubbed me viciously in the small of the back with the butt-end of his rifle. It was a most uncalled-for exhibition of

ill-tempered violence, and within a very short space of time I was telling the Japanese Consul so. Subsequent negotiations, during which it was explained that my name inadvertently had been omitted from the list of foreigners to whom permits to pass through the barriers had been supplied, ended in a verbal apology being offered by a Japanese staff officer to the British Consul, as well as to myself. In fairness it ought to be mentioned that the Japanese Consul was visibly distressed by the incident and spared no effort to see that proper amends were made.

I was around the city a good deal on the morning of May 2 and took special interest in the activities of the Nationalist propagandists. Little squads of them were going quietly about the business of plastering the town with posters setting forth the aims of the Nationalist campaign and denouncing the Northern militarists. One poster showed Chang Tso-lin whispering sweet nothings into the ear of a coyly smiling Japanese geisha, while another depicted him and Japan tugging at opposite ends of a chain and strangling China between them. How the walls of Peking would totter when the Nationalists got there was demonstrated by another sheet. Pictures of Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek were displayed side by side and propaganda leaflets were broadcast in the streets. Interested groups of Chinese coolies gazed at the posters or listened open-mouthed to the street lecturers. Some of the latter were arrested by the Japanese during the morning. Nobody seemed to know why. I saw them being marched along the street in custody. They went along quite good-humoredly with their unsmiling guards and even saluted a Japanese officer who cantered up on a horse. Some were released afterward, but the majority were detained and no information could be obtained about them. This aroused a good deal of resentment among the Nationalists, though, so Chiang Kai-shek's staff officers told me, news of it was suppressed in order not to excite the troops. Chiang's staff also told me that on this day a Nationalist officer, described by them as being the Chief of Transportation, was shot by Japanese troops in front of the *Tsinan Pao* newspaper office. They were not able to tell me anything of the circumstances and I could get no confirmation of it from any other source.

By the night of May 2 the Japanese apparently felt the situation tranquil enough to justify the withdrawal of the barricades, and these were removed toward midnight. My understanding as a result of inquiries made at the time was that this step was taken purely on the initiative of the

Japanese themselves. The next day opened as calmly as the May morning of tradition. Everybody was congratulating everybody else that things had gone off so smoothly. Then came the clash. What started it and who fired the first shot are questions that may never be decided with any certainty, but there seems no doubt that it was the veriest spark that set off the tremendous explosion which followed.

I did not myself witness the initial outbreak, though I was in the neighborhood at the time, but I gathered every possible version directly afterward and each story agreed that the hostilities began with a single isolated incident and then spread with amazing rapidity. That rapidity ceases to be amazing if one takes into account the circumstance that within a few minutes of the initial clash the Japanese began to clear the streets in the protected areas with bursts of machine-gun fire preparatory to replacing the barricades, and also sent around armored cars which dropped small patrols here and there beyond the area limits. They then started systematically to mop up the territory thus inclosed and a general free-for-all developed. Groups of Nationalists took refuge in houses here and there and replied with rifle fire, throwing a grenade or two when the chance offered. Large numbers of them who had entered the foreign settlement on one innocent errand or another found themselves entrapped behind the Japanese barricades and endeavored to fight their way out.

Nobody on the Chinese side could tell what was happening, except that a clash had occurred somehow and that the Japanese were in action. Wild rumors flew from mouth to mouth and newly arrived Nationalist detachments joined in the fray without having any clear notion what it was all about. The battle royal raged till evening, when Chiang Kai-shek, who quite early had ordered a complete withdrawal from the Japanese protected areas, succeeded in getting the bulk of his troops on the move. This still left pockets of snipers within and on the fringes of the protected areas and the Japanese were engaged in street warfare with these remnants for the next couple of days. No organized attack on the part of the Nationalists was discernible at any time. Blood was up on both sides, but to suggest that it was a case of a handful of Japanese defending themselves against a Chinese army is to distort what actually did occur. It was a one-sided affair in which a well-knit, well-equipped, and fearless fighting unit demonstrated its relentless efficiency to an out-of-hand rabble.

The Nationalist army as such never was involved. The whole effort of Chiang Kai-shek's staff was concentrated upon preventing the conflict from spreading. Very little assistance to this end seems to have been forthcoming from the Japanese. There is no evidence whatever that they made the slightest attempt to isolate the incident which led to the first clash. On the contrary, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that when they withdrew their barricades on the night of May 2 they did so with the idea at the back of their minds that if anything untoward happened afterward they would be in a fine position to wade in and justify their presence in Shantung. Accepting as accurate the Japanese story that the trouble began with the looting of a Japanese house, it is certain that if the Japanese had reported the matter to Chiang Kai-shek and had requested him to quell the disturbance the Nationalist Generalissimo would have taken immediate action. Instead they sent a platoon of men charging down a crowded street

with fixed bayonets and within a few minutes afterward put the whole city in a panic by raking the main thoroughfares with machine-gun fire. It seems scarcely reasonable to expect that the Nationalist soldiers, perceiving that Chinese civilians as well as their own comrades were being shot down for no apparent reason, should not have felt an overwhelming desire to retaliate.

This they did and there is no doubt that fairly soon after the trouble started a considerable section of the Nationalist forces got completely out of hand. It also is well established that some time between May 3 and May 5 certain Japanese civilians, including women, were terribly mutilated. By whom and under what circumstances is not yet clear. The American, British, and German consuls were taken along in a Japanese armored car to view these bodies on the night of May 5. There also is a good deal of evidence to convict the Japanese troops of extreme ruthlessness during the days that followed the initial clash. Witness this statement, made to me on May 20 by a spokesman of the Japanese Consulate General at Tsingtao in response to my request for specific information regarding the alleged Japanese massacre of patients at the Shantung Hospital:

On May 10, during the Japanese attack on the inner city wall, Japanese troops approaching from the west had first of all to pass through the outer wall. As they came through the outer gate leading into the west suburb and were advancing along the main street they were heavily engaged from the upper story of a large building known as the Shantung Hospital. After five or six of their number had been killed the Japanese tried to force their way in at the front door. This resisted their efforts and they then entered by a side door. The building was split up into a series of courtyards and when they got inside they were fired at from all directions. They returned the fire into each window and, when the firing from inside had been silenced, they went in and as they were still being shot at *killed everyone they saw*.

The spokesman estimated that there were about sixty-eight patients at the hospital, mostly soldiers. There were also a number of civilian refugees. Only the Chinese doctor in charge of the hospital is believed to have escaped.

I had left for Tsingtao before the Japanese bombardment of the native city at Tsinanfu on May 8, but foreigners who witnessed it appeared to be unanimous in agreeing that no sign of any organized provocation on the part of the Nationalist forces remaining within the walled area could be detected. Any doubts that this was intended to be a punitive expedition are disposed of by General Fukuda's belligerent announcement beforehand that in order to maintain the prestige of the Japanese Empire he intended to take drastic measures against the Southerners and to punish the troops who committed outrages against the Japanese.

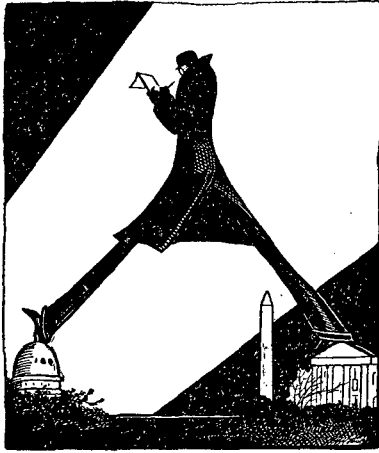
Once the trouble started at Tsinanfu on May 3 the Japanese military authorities took the thing completely out of the hands of the consular authorities, giving the latter only such information as they thought it might be good for them to know and to pass on to their foreign colleagues. It presented to the military group in Tokio an opportunity to get back into the saddle, which they appear to have grabbed with both hands. To what extent this is the case may be gathered from the answer given me by the spokesman of the Japanese Legation here today when questioned as to the status of the negotiations, if any, for the settlement of the Tsinanfu incident. "It is a military matter," he declared, "and we have been forbidden to interfere."

Covering Washington

The Nation's Biweekly Washington Letter

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C.,
July 21



ONE of these days the Honorable Bill Vare is going to discover that there ain't no gratitude in this Hoover outfit. If the discovery comes just before election day, look out for an exhibition of plain and fancy double-crossing unsurpassed in the annals of practical politics. It may shove rock-ribbed Republican Pennsylvania into the

Democratic column and throw the election to Smith. Philadelphia is ripe for it. There the omnipotent Vare machine is dripping wet and Catholic. A mere nod from the boss would be enough. In fact, just a slight air of indifference on the part of Mr. Vare probably would turn the trick.

* * * * *

ANYONE who supposes practical-minded Bill Vare threw his support to Herbert Hoover at the critical juncture of the Kansas City convention and thus annihilated the stop-Hoover movement, somewhat to the discomfiture of the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury Since Alexander Hamilton—anyone who supposes Bill did all this out of lofty altruism is capable of believing Grimms' fairy tales. Bill had a very definite purpose in mind, as he always has. He never goes floundering about pursuing will-o'-the-wisps. What he wanted and what he expects to get is the support of the Hoover forces in his fight to crash the gate of the Senate. Nothing else counts seriously with Bill just now. Nothing else is so near and dear to Bill's heart. Nothing in all the ups and downs of his turbulent political career has been so bitter a disappointment to Bill as his failure to get himself seated in the Senate. He is willing to make almost any kind of compromise or deal to reach the goal of his life's greatest ambition, namely, his now padlocked desk in the Senate chamber.

Having unhorsed Uncle Andy as President-maker at Kansas City, Bill hurried back to Washington as fast as wheels could carry him to be among the first of the party chiefs to confer with the newly chosen standard-bearer. A photograph of impeccable Herbert greeting the heavy-jowled Philadelphia boss to whom he owes so much would be worth publishing, but unfortunately it is not available. Every once in a while Bill drops in at Hoover headquarters. What for is not revealed. Possibly to give Mr. Hoover and Dr. Work the benefit of his extensive, practical political experience. It is known, however, that these visits of Bill cause shudders among all the nice, clean, efficient boys at the G. O. P. G. H. Q. After he goes out they feel it neces-

sary thoroughly to disinfect themselves. The last time Bill called no one at headquarters recognized him and he was forced to twiddle his thumbs for fifteen minutes before Dr. Work could see him. Just let this sort of thing happen another time or two and the tally sheets from some of the Philadelphia zero districts will be a shock to all loyal Republicans. There is a limit to Mr. Vare's complacency, especially if he gets the idea that pre-election slights are a forerunner of post-election ingratitude.

* * * * *

HOW the ward heelers and the precinct henchmen must be licking their chops over the bullish news from both campaign headquarters concerning finances this year! Nothing but the blue sky is to be the limit on contributions. Word went out from Republican headquarters soon after the Kansas City convention intimating a desire to hold the fund down to about \$3,000,000. Wily Mr. Raskob, head of the world's largest corporation, was not to be caught in any such trap, not when the Democrats for the first time in their lives are assured of almost unlimited money. He and Colonel Lehman, the Democratic finance director, let it be known they would accept all the money they could get. This was something entirely new and it caused no little apprehension among the Republicans, long accustomed to having the fattest boodle bags. So they, too, announced there would be "no fixed limit" on contributions. Colonel Nutt, the Republican collector-in-chief, explained that it was unfair to judge a contribution by its size. The character of the donor and his ability to pay will be the measure, hereafter, according to Colonel Nutt. There are glorious days ahead on both sides for the "watchers at the polls" and the patriotic boys who "get out the vote." It is quite possible that we shall see Mark Hanna's famous war chest of the free-silver campaign of ninety-six outdone at last.

* * * * *

FOR sheer ineptitude in political management we used to be committed to William M. Butler. But Dr. Work already has given abundant evidence that he will outrank his predecessor in this respect. Nothing Mr. Hoover has ever done has so chilled the ardor of Republican chieftains as the selection of Dr. Work as the national campaign manager. Hoover has enjoyed an enormous reputation for being able to surround himself with able subordinates, but his choice of Dr. Work does not speak so well of his ability to judge brains. The most authentic explanation available is that Dr. Work ardently desired the chairmanship and in view of the fact that he was the original Hoover man in the Coolidge Cabinet Mr. Hoover felt that it would be an act of ingratitude for him to turn the doctor down. Work's extraordinary lack of tact, his dictatorial manner upon assuming the chairmanship, and his blundering loquacity held Republican statesmen aghast. Small wonder that one of them, emerging from the doctor's office after a conference, exclaimed ruefully: "At last we have found someone who can stop Hoover."

Ellen Terry

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

ELLEN TERRY, though not the greatest actress—she had her very definite limitations—was the most illustrious female figure upon the English-speaking stage for the greater part of the Victorian era. She achieved this preeminence partly by a personal fascination which may be called, without exaggeration, extraordinary, partly by her consummate artistry. This artistry she acquired in the course of a long and arduous training in good stock companies, and in all kinds of drama, an experience from which modern players, under the system prevailing in our commercial theater, are hopelessly barred. That is why we have so few really competent actors, perhaps none of her class. Herein lies the chief and deplorable significance of her death. She was probably the last survivor of a great histrionic school and has left no recognizable successor. The theater is not the poorer for her death, for she was lost to it years ago, but the long line of queens of high comedy is broken and there appears to be small prospect of its renewal.

It might almost be said of her that she was born upon the stage. The child of professional actors—respected but not particularly distinguished—she was put upon it as soon as she could toddle. She first faced the footlights as a little mite in various grotesque shapes of extravaganza. Thus she gained confidence and precocious rudimentary knowledge. Space will not permit report of her career in detail—nor is anything of the kind now necessary. But by the time she was eight years old she was sufficiently advanced to be engaged for childish parts by Charles Kean, one of the ablest and most scholarly stage managers of his day. With him she played the boy Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale"; Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Arthur in "King John," and Fleance in "Macbeth," attracting critical attention by her natural grace, vivacity, and intelligence. Then followed a brief period of acting in juvenile characters in farce and comedy, and of dancing in the ballets of fairy pantomime. In 1863, when barely sixteen, she was playing Desdemona, with Kean at the Princess' Theater, with rare tenderness, sweetness, and charm, if with no profound depths of emotion. Three years later she made a popular hit as Mrs. Mildmay in Tom Taylor's "Still Waters Run Deep," a character in which she could display some of her most attractive qualities. Then she first acted with Henry Irving.

It was at this time that the great painter, G. F. Watts—elderly, dignified, and famous—met her, was bewitched, and induced her to marry him. It was a strange match between this grand seigneur and the wisp of a girl already noted for her animal spirits, her wilfulness, and her volatility. What wonder that it was speedily dissolved, no matter how or why! Soon she was acting again. But before she was 21 she was married once more, now to Charles Kelly, an actor, and passed six years in retirement in the country, nurturing two children, hereafter to be known as Gordon and Ailsa Craig. It was Charles Reade, an old and ardent admirer, who lured her back to the stage and for a season or two she appeared successfully under his direction, in several of his own plays. In him, too, she found an able guide and instructor. Her education was

almost finished when she joined the Bancrofts, to play Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" and to win a triumph which placed her on almost the top rung of the ladder. Next, under the management of John Hare, one of the most finished artists the theater has ever produced, she made her first appearance as Olivia in Wills's version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and, at a bound, established herself as the most popular comedian of the day.

As yet, however, she was but in the early dawn of her true career, which began with her memorable alliance with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, which was to be maintained for nearly a quarter of a century and to confirm her permanently in the position she had won. She was then in her full prime, physically and artistically. Tall, lithe, lissome, graceful, she seemed to realize, in every gesture, the poetry of motion. Her carriage was perfect, her face mobile, expressive, alight with keen intelligence and radiant with indefinable charm, if of no special type of classical beauty. Her voice was rich, sweet, and mellow, her diction admirable. A kind nature had invested her with the most winning attributes and her training had made her mistress of all stage cunning. And now, with all her faculties matured, she was to profit by constant association with as clever, ambitious, and masterful a manager as ever lived. No marvel that the pair proceeded from victory to victory; never was a happier theatrical combination of brains and charm.

To rehearse the story of the brilliant dramatic campaigns waged by these allies, in Great Britain and the United States, is not the object of this article. The chief purpose is to summarize the actual dramatic achievement of Ellen Terry, and to determine, as nearly as may be, her final position in the ranks of the theatrical hierarchy. The probable truth is that her popular renown was due rather to her irresistible personal charm than to any actual histrionic genius. A great artist she undoubtedly was, but a great actress, measuring her by the demonstrated scope of her creative or interpretative powers, she was not. She was no Modjeska, Duse, Charlotte Cushman, or Clara Morris, not to mention others. The heights and depths of the profounder human emotions were beyond her reach, perhaps beyond her conception. Grace, innocence, humor, gaiety, pathos (of the gentler kind), tenderness, a provocative archness, mischievous raillery, fine manners, and every variety of feminine artifice constituted her artistic armament. Her power of tragic utterance was insignificant and her command of versatility was small. In all her impersonations her technical execution was beautifully finished, but in none of them was there any suppression, or indeed much disguise of her own individual personality. As her nature was joyous, sparkling, whimsical, and irresponsible, she found herself most at home in the brighter regions of comedy and overburdened in the gloomier atmosphere of tragedy.

Irving, indeed, led her through the whole dramatic gamut, and the glamor of her irresistible personal charm often blinded observers both to her deficiencies and his own. This was the case, for instance, in such tragedies as "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet." Her Lady Macbeth,

to be sure, suggested the power of a lovely temptress, but had none of the force of the dominant partner or of the tortured spirit of the remorseful murderess. In the Balcony Scene her Juliet was an entrancing vision of youthful ardor and virginal modesty, but in the potion and other tragic scenes there was no throb of tragic passion. Her Queen Katharine, in "Henry VIII," had queen-like dignity and was touchingly pathetic, but in the critical speech "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak," the authentic note of outraged majesty was lacking. Some old playgoers will yet remember the fire with which Cushman delivered the lines. Even as Beatrice, one of her most brilliant and fascinating embodiments, Terry's "Kill Claudio" failed of its true dramatic effect. And in her Madame Sans-Gêne, despite its charm, humorous as it was and hoydenish, the needed coarseness and dash of masculinity were altogether wanting. But her Portia, perhaps her masterpiece, was almost ideal, at least the equal of Modjeska's. Her Viola, in its sweetness, charm, and humor, was almost on a par with it, while her Olivia, in which her personality had fullest play, was nearly flawless. She furnished another delightful impersonation in "The Amber Heart" in a part written specially to fit her. Many other instances of similar purport might easily be cited did space allow. It was in comedy, in characters with which her own was sympathetic, that she was supreme. In tragedy she was appealing, but not highly effective. Always she was a glorious creature. The stage will not soon look upon her like again.

In the Driftway

"THERE was a time when cream was cream," says a writer in the New York *World* tantalizingly. "You put it in your coffee and it produced a mixture that was rich yellow-brown in color, with thick, rich streaks in it that eddied and curled and remained visible after a full minute of stirring, and with, here and there, floating on the top, a friendly, buttery lump."

YES, there was indeed a time when cream was cream. It was about the same era as that when men were men and has as irretrievably disappeared. Cream now, at least in our great cities, is, as the writer in the *World* regretfully concludes, only "another name for milk."

You put in into your coffee, and it produces a mixture that is not yellow-brown at all but a dull gray-brown. The streaks are thin, and they disappear as soon as you jiggle the spoon, if not sooner. As for lumps let us not be facetious with a serious subject. It has been so long since the average citizen saw a lump that if one did accidentally get into his cup he would fish it out under the impression that it was an impurity, probably a piece of soap.

A sad picture. But one from which we cannot truthfully dissent. So let us read further:

It is still possible, of course, to obtain cream. It is possible, that is, if you are privy to the fact that the cream language has undergone the same kind of changes that the egg language has undergone. Even a schoolboy knows nowadays that you do not get a fresh egg by asking for a "fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "strictly fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "guaranteed fresh egg." You do not get it even by asking for a "select egg." What you do is ask for a "strictly fresh guaranteed

extra fancy jumbo select egg." Then you get a plain fresh egg.

In the case of cream, what you ask for is double cream. That means cream. But it is obvious that double cream is a luxury reserved for the man who eats his meals at home. He can request his wife to have the milkman leave it, and then drink his coffee with complete enjoyment. But the man who eats in restaurants is not so fortunately situated. He is, in fact, quite helpless.

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YES, and so is the man who eats at home, despite the writer in the *World*. For the trouble with modern cream extracted with a separator and thus of uniform thinness—is not just its texture. The trouble is deeper, more poignantly sad, than that. The aching truth is that pasteurization—practiced on the supply of most of our cities—takes the flavor out of cream. It doesn't improve the taste of milk, but with cream—which at its best is the gods' surpassing gift to this poor, gray world—its havoc is harrowing. Pasteurization takes the joy out of cream just as most things that are healthful—like prohibition and spinach—take the fun out of living.

* * * * *

NO, with all apologies to the writer in the *World*, the Drifter contends that it is necessary to do more than speak to the milkman in order to get cream that is cream. It is necessary to go back to the farm of one's childhood where the milk was put in a spring-house in shallow pans and the cream was skimmed off—not too closely—by hand. Such cream was almost pumpkin-yellow in hue, gurgling and splashing from the pitcher in what a modern advertising man might call "lumps of lusciousness." Such cream was cream.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Apologize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on the restoration of Williamsburg you mention the "House of Burgesses in which Patrick Henry in 1765 made his great speech demanding liberty or death." In Richmond such a remark would be likely to result in death or at least the loss of liberty, for there they point out the exact spot in "Old St. John's" Church where the orator stood when he uttered those memorable words in 1775.

Chicago, Illinois, July 17

E. W. SHAW

Governor Sweet and Mr. Broun

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun says in *The Nation* for July 11 that when replying to his article on Protestantism and prohibition in *The Nation* for June 20, I could not have read his article, or if I did I missed his point completely. It was obviously impossible in the short space at my command to reply to all the points made by Mr. Broun. He denies that he said the church was "meddling." I stand corrected. He said that the church was "terrorizing both parties."

In referring to the church's activity in regard to prohibition Mr. Broun said:

The question is broader than prohibition. We are told that the whole structure of American government is

tottering because of lax enforcement. This may be so, but it is even more easy to undermine our institutions by the practice which the Protestant churches have brought into popularity. The members of these bodies constitute a minority, but through bipartisan activities and pressure politics it has been possible for them to terrorize both parties. Their concern has been largely confined to the liquor issue, but the same system may be used in regard to the tariff, the League of Nations, or any other public problem.

I submit that in this statement it is fair to say that Mr. Broun accuses the church of meddling and he regards its activities as undermining our institutions. To this accusation I answered:

Clarence True Wilson's call to the churches to mobilize for an effective Dry campaign would be just about as effective in bringing about a union of church and state in this country as the Senate chaplain's prayers are in evangelizing the members of the United States Senate. The church has always been a bitter and unrelenting foe of the liquor traffic. The saloon has been abolished by the effective work of the organized church. Not all Protestant church members are Dry, but the vast majority are. These are the backbone of the Dry forces, the shock troops of the whole campaign. It was perfectly natural, logical, and proper for Mr. Wilson to call upon the church to get ready for the impending conflict.

In this instance, at least, I did not miss Mr. Broun's point. Whether I made an effective answer is for the reader to decide.

But Mr. Broun's most serious objection as set forth in his article of July 11 is to my question, "How many Dry victories will give permanent possession?" He says what is perfectly true: "A public question can never be settled beyond the chance of reconsideration." But Mr. Broun has taken my question entirely out of its context. Mr. Broun had said that "a flaw in the Constitution may be attended to by the practice of nullification." My question had no reference whatever as to whether or not prohibition is still debatable. Again I ask Mr. Broun, Is there any limit to the number of times which a constitutional amendment must be affirmed before he will obey the law? This is a fair question to ask any patriotic American.

I have always granted the anti-prohibitionists the right of debate and do so now, and I do not agree with Mr. McBride of the Anti-Saloon League that prohibition cannot now be argued because it has become a part of the Constitution. I do insist, however, that pending the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment the law should be obeyed by every right-minded patriotic citizen, and in this sense "possession," as used by Mr. Broun, is now with prohibition.

Since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be accomplished soon, Mr. Broun and his following fall back upon nullification. "Until such time as the Constitution can be overhauled," he says, "nullification is a necessary and time-honored expedient. . . . Nullification is among the inalienable rights of man." To Mr. Broun's unpatriotic and un-American assertion I would simply say that if nullification were ever universally practiced by a powerful minority who did not like any given law, it would bring an end to this government quicker than any other method that could be devised. The policy of nullification is a closed issue in America and cannot be reopened to bolster up the liquor business.

Again Mr. Broun cites the "scrapping in spirit" of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in the South as a precedent for scrapping the Eighteenth Amendment nation-wide. Technically he may be right, but the consequences of the scrapping of these two amendments in the Southern States would be much less dangerous than would be the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment in all of the States of the Union. To argue that this is not so is absurd.

A fair interpretation of Mr. Broun's position on prohibition from his articles which have appeared in *The Nation* and elsewhere seems to be this:

Prohibition is a mistake. It is immoral, wrong. All sumptuary laws effecting prohibition should be repealed; if they are not repealed they should be disobeyed.

If the law is enforced and obedience practiced by our citizens, prohibition might in time prove to be a good thing, and possibly its immoral aspects might not be so apparent. Therefore, if you are opposed to prohibition you should excuse lawbreaking, discourage obedience to law, and practice and preach nullification, for if the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are enforced prohibition will never be repealed. Besides, in this way the country can be delivered from the hands of a "terrorizing church."

If this is not Mr. Broun's doctrine, I should be glad to have him set me right. If it is his theory, he should not be afraid to affirm it.

Denver, Colorado, July 14

WILLIAM E. SWEET

G. B. S. on America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On June 5 I wrote G. B. Shaw, telling him that I proposed to organize The Shavian Society, An Asylum for the Sane. I asked him to be its honorary president, saying:

I have observed it to be the custom of the world to devote a good deal of its spare time, money, and energy to the welfare of the lame, the blind, the ill, the poor, and the insane. While these are meritorious occupations, it seems to me that too much time is being devoted to the making of crutches and too little to the making of torches to light and arrows to point the way for the able. By all means build a shelter for the insane, but why not do something for the sane? It is on them the race depends for improvement.

And here is the reply, sent by Shaw's secretary, Miss Blanche Patch:

In reply to your letter of the 5th June, Mr. Bernard Shaw desires me to say that an Asylum for the Sane would be empty in America.

New York, July 1

DANIEL ARCHER

He Is Through

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see that the Republicans are not to make religion an issue in this campaign, according to a statement of one of the managers.

It hasn't been officially announced, but some say they will not mention oil either. By leaving out oil and religion there isn't much left for them to stand on in their drive for the Presidency. It has been proved that the oil deal was a patriotic move involving men who were likened to Jesus the Christ at the trial. So there's patriotism and religion, both being ignored by the Republican Party.

I'm a Republican whose ancestors came to this country in 1600, and fought to establish a free country in the Western World for those who believe in religious liberty and real patriotism.

But I cannot afford to stand by my party this year when it discards all reference to the principal ideals of life—that is, when they discard patriotism and do not even mention religious liberty, I'm through.

Los Angeles, California, July 15

E. C. BARNEY

The "Peace Bridge"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I visited Niagara Falls and they would not let me cross the bridge to see from the Canadian side.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 12

KARL SPITZER, Yugoslav

Books

Some Grass

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I will not name this grass,
I did not know its name when I was younger,
Then there was more than summer for a boy
Who walked in it with fingers and with hunger.

It is not meadow grass,
But prairie city where the flagstone courses
Along a place where no one built his house
And I remember seeing tethered horses.

It is not grass alone:
Between the flagstone and the curb there grows
Thistle and lambsquarter and some wild thing
That was and is like mint against my nose.

I will not pull this grass,
I have too many dollars in my pocket,
Or not enough, there is no way of telling;
I dare not pull a green beard from its socket.

It is not grass alone,
Or I would cross the street less often than
I do to see it, yet it may have been
Much more like grass before I was a man.

Francis Joseph

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria—King of Hungary. By Eugene Bagger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

IT would be hard to find a more fascinating topic in recent European history than the life of Francis Joseph. Mr. Bagger, realizing the possibility of his subject, gives his readers a narrative which is as interesting as fiction and yet contains a large amount of useful information.

The Francis Joseph whom Mr. Bagger portrays is the emperor known to history lacking imagination, an enemy of innovation, conscious of his own type of duty, and punctilious to the most trivial details. Francis Joseph was not devoid of a high ethical standard, not even when he indulged in cruelty. He was convinced that it was his duty to shed blood in order to uphold authority. Although Austria was incomparably more constitutional than Russia, yet he was more autocratic than were the Czars. Mr. Bagger calls him the last of the Caesars. While most of his predecessors were tools of hidden Powers, he was their leader, a fact which establishes his undivided responsibility for the downfall of the monarchy. During his reign he had, as Mr. Bagger suggests, numerous opportunities to place the government on a basis satisfactory to all the races composing Austria-Hungary. Francis Joseph died ignorant of the true meaning of nationalism. He was a feudal lord and he demanded fealty, not affection.

Conscious that tradition meant much more in the monarchy than the forces of progress, Mr. Bagger begins his story with the epoch of Joseph II, the only crowned exponent of radicalism in the House of Hapsburg. The reign of Francis I was a reaction against the jacobinism of the bourgeois emperor. When Francis Joseph ascended the throne, not yet twenty, he was heir

to the crown of an autocrat, a condition which exactly harmonized with his own proclivities.

The problems which the young emperor encountered were solved—if this word may be applied—in an autocratic manner. Francis Joseph treated every political innovation as an incipient rebellion. His was the policy of the iron hand which prevented the antiquated institutions of his realm from adjusting themselves to the new conditions.

Francis Joseph rose at four in the morning, Mr. Bagger says, and sat at his desk till eight in the evening. Sophisticated propagandists and naive subjects spoke of his self-sacrificing devotion to duty. "In the depths of psychic reality he spent those sixteen or eighteen hours in performing a rite at the altar of Divus Caesar—omniscient, omnipotent—Himself. Performing that rite, year in, year out, lest the world, his world, collapse. Governing wearily, yet ceaselessly, governing, governing, weary monarch governing a weary empire, looking toward his sleep in the night, a sleep made restful by consciousness of duty done."

The life of Francis Joseph is full of dramatic episodes which have been properly exploited by Mr. Bagger. Our only cause for complaint is that he places, perhaps, too much emphasis on incidents which are more dramatic than important for the historian. He tells at considerable length the story of the Mexican expedition of Emperor Maximilian, the brother of Francis Joseph, of the Meyerling tragedy, and of the eccentric vagaries of Empress Elizabeth. The redeeming quality of these diversions is that often they underline the essential traits of the character of Francis Joseph.

EMIL LENGYEL

Tom-toms and Rotarians

La Agonia Antillana: El Imperialismo Yanqui en el Mar Caribe.

Por Luis Araquistain. Espassa-Calpe, S. A., Madrid, 1928.

HERE, moving to a tragic tempo, the agony of the West Indies is depicted, analyzed, and pigeonholed by a man who may safely be considered Spain's foremost journalist. The erstwhile Spanish territories of Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico are parading toward their undoing in a fanfare of millions, aqueducts, good roads, and schoolhouses; capital, and particularly the ownership of land, is passing to the control of American interests at a rate that must be gratifying to Wall Street, whatever that may be, and this spells death to the culture and essential well-being of the nationalities involved—that is Señor Araquistain's view of what is happening under the rays of the hot sun south of Florida and north of God knows where. In this book, he limits himself to the former island possessions of Spain in the Caribbean. The other West Indies are no longer in agony, but dead; and further south, the situation lacks the African element to which Araquistain, a liberal and egalitarian, points with embarrassed alarm.

Economic exploitation is not, according to Araquistain, the consummation of the tragedy. The ultimate result, as he sees it, is the Africanization of the last remaining bulwarks of white culture in the West Indies. Porto Rico, on account of the density of its population, stands the best chance of escaping this end.

Certainly the history of Jamaica, Barbados, and dozens of minor West Indies buttresses Araquistain's argument and lends it an ominous plausibility. It is a fact that in no island of the American Mediterranean colonized by non-Spaniards has the white race been able to maintain a numerical predominance or, except in economics, a cultural supremacy. The much-maligned Spaniards, it seems, knew how to colonize, even if their government did not know how to administer colonies. White predominance in the West Indies has been maintained only where

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the land is divided into small holdings; Africanization has regularly followed upon the concentration of the land into large sugar estates. The white immigrant holds his own only under conditions of economic independence, however meager its basis. When the vast hordes of wage labor are set loose upon the land, the Negro's capacity as a tropical machine asserts itself, and soon the tom-toms beat and the red bandanas flash in the sun.

The Spaniards, Araquistain reminds us, "copiously" distributed the lands reconquered from the Moors, and the king transplanted to America the same system. This talent for keeping agrarian property well divided was seconded even by such reactionary policies as the monopoly market and the expulsion of the Jews, which kept away foreigners and the most capitalistically minded of the king's own subjects. The United States, the latest arrival on the Caribbean, lacks this talent, at least where justice, the survival of a Jeffersonian yeomanry, and the integrity of a culture do not matter to them so much as profits and markets—and property becomes conveniently concentrated in a few hands. As Araquistain sees it, the engineer who follows the financier into the West Indies has a witch-doctor camping on his trail.

Araquistain defends the Spaniard as a biological imperialist. And in biology imperialism and democracy are curiously alike. Accepting the West Indies as a valid experiment, Araquistain notes where the so-called Nordic's greater reluctance to interbreeding leads to, and where the Spaniard's way with a maid of a less successful race. The other fellows Africanize their colonies; on the other hand, they claim that the Spaniards Africanized themselves. This is not quite true. They invented the mulatto, but in doing so they merely created a Spaniard of a different color. For Spain contributes to the world a sense that culture is nationality, and it makes an unscientific but politically sound association between the ideas of culture and race. Araquistain heard a coal-black Negro in Porto Rico give three cheers for the Latin race when Uzcudún beat Harry Wills.

The burden of Araquistain's counsel is a closer, though never uncritical, relationship between the Spanish lion and its American whelps. He advocates a freer immigration from the old country to offset the tendency to import Negro labor from neighboring islands and also to revive the traditional urge toward a wide distribution of the land. However doubtful the economic possibilities of this remedy, its cultural properties are evident. Havana, with its enormous Spanish proletariat and middle class, holds its own culturally not only against Jamaica, W. I., but also against Jamaica, L. I., and Toledo, O.

And here is a point that Araquistain has failed to consider properly. Americanization is far more imminent than Africanization; and, despite all our political shortcomings and all your aggressive virtues, Americanization is a pretty bad thing for us Latin Americans because we have something, in the way of intelligent, skeptical living and easy social democracy from which you would bribe us away. Of course there is always a possibility that we shall be Africanized first and Americanized afterward. That would be hell.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

A Jewish Banking Firm

The Rise of the House of Rothschilds. By Count Egon Caesar Corti. Translated from the German by Brian and Beatrix Lunn. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$5.

IN 1770 an obscure Jew by the name of Meyer Amschel Rothschild lived in the Frankfort Ghetto carrying on the business of a small trader and dealing on the side in rare coins and curiosities. His father before him had been a pious Jewish peddler who had intended his son for the rabbinate. But the son had a more practical bent of mind, and when he died in

1812 he left a modest fortune to his five sons. By 1830 these were at the head of the greatest international banking concern in Europe, directing branches respectively in Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples. The Rothschilds no longer had need to regard money as a means to secure economic goods. Their success was attested by the fact that they regarded money in terms of power.

The phenomenal rise of the house of Rothschild was an enigma to the Europeans of the early decades of the nineteenth century. There were, of course, other powerful banking firms, but there was none that attracted the same attention or inspired a comparable hatred and envy. Two periods must be taken into account in the attitude toward the Rothschilds. The contemporaries of the early house lived in innocent, pre-Marxian days when the sinister aspects of international banking and finance were generally little realized. If the Rothschilds had not been Jewish bankers they would have been able to carry on their operations without arousing the attacks they did. But while racial prejudice thus singled them out, the main fascination their story had for the minds of early nineteenth-century Europeans was implicit in the myth of Midas. They wanted to know the secret of the success of this family which made all they touched turn to gold. The explanations invented were characteristically no less mythological than Midas. A successful move in a game of chess which old Meyer Amschel was able to suggest to the wealthy Landgrave of Hesse during the simultaneous progress of his first audience is said to have so impressed the prince that he appointed the clever Jew crown agent at once. A Rothschild is supposed to have been present personally at the battle of Waterloo, and to have used the advance information of the victory for profitable speculation on the London stock exchange, thus netting the family its first millions. This myth-making as to the origin of great fortunes continues in our own period if the "success" magazines may be taken as an indication; the modern reader still wants to know the methods the Rothschilds used to get rich so quickly. But speaking generally he is far less mystified as to the ultimate forces which produce wealth. He is accustomed to think along the lines of economic determinism, and lives in the age of Mellons, Morgans, and Rockefellers. Indeed, the intelligent American reader will be far more interested in the story of the Rothschilds than the German, and he can be relied upon to make pretty shrewd guesses as to the main outlines of their story.

Quite a number of works in French, German, and English have been devoted to the Rothschilds, but they represent for the most part the first and unsophisticated period. Count Corti's book is the first which is entirely accurate, documented, and impartial. The present volume relates the history of the house from 1770 to 1830; a second volume is promised to cover the remainder of the nineteenth century. Count Corti's leading purpose is modernistic: he wishes to gauge the influence in the Rothschilds upon the general course of European history in the nineteenth century. In doing so he naturally tells the true story of that success which led them from the Frankfort Ghetto to the chancelleries of Europe.

The strict truth turns out to be often less fascinating than the fictions. The only general maxims which can be deduced from the rise of the Rothschilds are such eminently pious ones as Pay Strict Attention to Business, Keep Trust, Take Advantage of Every Opportunity, and Know Not Everything but Everybody. Their Jewishness, far from being a hindrance, was an advantage. Belonging to a suppressed race, having no social position to lose, they were able to accomplish a great deal simply by their abject servility. Jewish family solidarity also helped a lot. For the rest, their fortune was due to their taking advantage of the wars and disasters of the Napoleonic period. We who know how millions were made in the late war need not be surprised. The strangeness which the story has for us is contributed largely by its period.

Count Corti is an historian's historian, and he confines his

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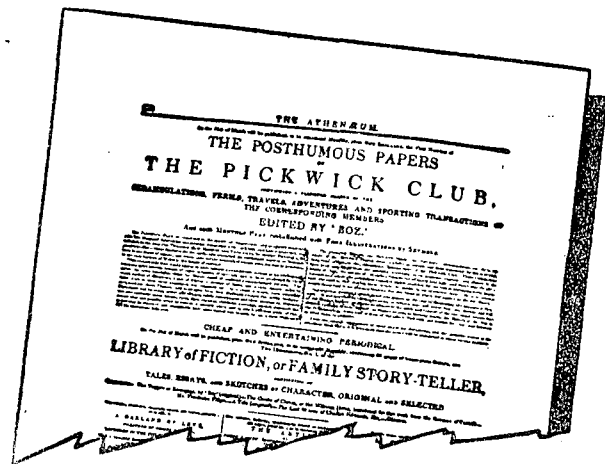
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book almost entirely to a marshaling of documents. From the point of view of historical research it is without doubt a monument and of incalculable importance. But as it is offered to the general reader one must regret that a greater effort was not made to give it color and emphasis. As the account of one international loan follows upon another, a wearisome sense of repetition is produced. There are some sidelights upon general European history which give the reader fascinating moments; but they are on the whole few. No doubt it was Count Corti's desire to be absolutely impartial which led him to adopt so objective and impersonal a manner. To avoid the dangers of anti-Semitism, he has preferred to remain entirely unopinionated. This is one of those cases where the facts have been allowed to speak too much for themselves. One is not even quite sure that Count Corti is free of the popular superstition that Jews have a special and innate talent for making money. The documentary method has also kept him from such a tell-tale course as attempting real personality portraits of any of the Rothschilds. Perhaps, however, engrossment in success is not conducive to the development of personality, and all financiers are alike. It surely required no great courage to assume that the Rothschilds profited by riding the waves of conservatism and reaction. They were honest—as financiers go; and if not worse were certainly no better than other international bankers before and since. Count Corti has erred as much from philo-Semitism as preceding commentators from anti-Semitism. In this he has followed a modern liberal convention.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

The Faith of a Liberal Historian

National Character. By Ernest Barker. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THE two great pests of our age are an exaggerated nationalism and that soporific talk about character which dulls our sense of the urgent need for the application of intelligence to the problems of our day. A study of national character, and especially one which in effect limits itself to a study, not psychological and critical but historical, literary, and descriptive, of one people, the English, might well be expected to justify our worst fears. Since the days of Edmund Burke and of Savigny the laudation of this ghostly somewhat has been the worst enemy of the international spirit of *éclaircissement*. Dr. Barker, professor of political science in the University of Cambridge, says that nations "may now have moved to a stage at which they make themselves freshly of their own free choice of ideals (ideals consciously framed and consciously pursued) in the fields both of social organization and of national education. If it be so, it is a great and solemn thing." With Abelard and Diderot we cannot help feeling that the beginning of philosophy, and still more of the scientific spirit, is in doubt. References to the area of "the working of man's unconscious mind" or to the embryonic condition of social intelligence moves us not to awe but to more Voltairean emotions. The trouble with statements about the unconscious mind is that only the unconscious mind knows whether they are true, and it will not say. It will not yield to analysis its secret of whether there even is such a thing as a "national character."

A further perusal of "National Character" will show that such a judgment as that above, provoked by a title instinct with doctrines of group personality, race Pecksniffianism, and what is often miscalled by the good name of mysticism, would be quite premature. The book is no jingo broadside in praise of the English. "The idea of a nation or group of kinsfolk, united by an intimate consanguinity within their gates, but divided from the stranger without by an impassable barrier of difference. That is false nationalism." Through careful and scholarly chapters, written with the pen of an historian and a love of

good English, on the genetic, the geographic, the economic factors, the political, the religious, the literary, the educational factors in the making of a people, that intuitionism which is the mother of conservatism and a puritan-born Liberalism strive for the soul of Dr. Barker. At the end, rather disconnectedly, abruptly, briefly, he declares his faith, the faith of Mazzini, and leaves the reader looking for the unwritten pages. The conservative in Dr. Barker has prevented him from being more explicit. The precious things of the spirit are not to be set forth like jewels in an auction show. Through pages here and there on English history, on its music, its education, even its agriculture ("a balanced national character requires a ballast of agriculture"), this elusive quality called English national character is hinted at, its rays of ruby and topaz glint and wink at us behind a curtain. Sometimes (so emphatically does Dr. Barker insist, with obvious personal puritan pleasure, on the individuality and idiosyncracies of the English) that national character seems lost in a nation of "characters." But, we are reassured, "there is a rock on which we stand and from which we are hewn; but we keep it shyly secret in mists of reserve, and it is only in some destined hour of national crisis, such as came to us in the midsummer of 1914, that we can see ourselves, and show to others, the stuff of which we are made."

This book embodies a course of lectures in citizenship. Whether "civics is best handled not as an abstract subject but as something involved and immersed in the stream of historical processes" is a statement which, in these days of national social reorganization, will arouse discussion. To those who prefer to political science, to which your reviewer confesses a bigoted and impenitent attachment, the more leisured stream of the literary, historical, and descriptive method few more pleasing expositions of the method could be commended. The book is important because it is itself so thoroughly English and by its tone, its moral stress, its quality of common sense, its half-humorous preference of cumulative narrative to logical generalization, is even more an example of English national character than a disquisition about it. Dr. Barker prefers the imponderables to the ponderables, but all who appreciate the difficulty of conveying in prose the subtle nature of the bond of tradition and of like-mindedness which unites communities will perceive in his work that of a great educationalist.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

The Body of This Paris

In and About Paris. By Sisley Huddleston. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

ON a discarded proof-sheet, suppressing a fulsome dedication, a great French poet of the nineteenth century scrawled: "... a dedication should not be a profession of faith." The danger is twofold: a writer may express too much or he may express too little, and no book endowed with living qualities really needs an apologetic prolegomena. This *requisitoire* practice was but lately reintroduced, we believe, by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, to whom the present book is dedicated. In his prefatory dedication Mr. Huddleston errs a bit on the side of amplitude; he has packed too much of himself into it and too little into the corpus of the book itself, which possesses the merit—to say the least—of being one of the best-documented vade-mecums in print.

With Mr. Huddleston we are moved to ask: What does Paris mean to the sensitive man or woman coming from another country? What did it mean, for example, to that phantom host that rises before us when we merely conjure the name: Heine, Turgenev, Chopin, Henry Adams, Matthew Arnold, Rainer Maria Rilke, Ady, Whistler, and Wilde? And what has it meant, coming down to our own day, to Curtius, Santayana, Joyce, Unamuno, Eliot, and Panait Istrati? The roll is legion. You recall—do you not?—what intellectual magic it

held out to Thomas Mann in 1925 when he revisited the city for the first time since the war.

Should not a man's encounter with such a node produce something of an inward happening? If we turn, for example, to the pages of Stendhal and Balzac we note to what extent (and the fiction writer is here closer to the root of the matter than the impressively documented cicerone) it contrived to shift the focal center of such characters as Rastignac, Rubempré, and Leuwen. Yet Mr. Huddleston does give us with his unfailing precision the clue to the immense fascination of Paris for imaginative men and women. He says: "The vices and virtues, the labors and amusements of Paris are open and unashamed. It is because men and things are sincere and individual, highly conscious of themselves but not, as we say, self-conscious, that Paris—and France—are so vital. . . ."

If Mr. Huddleston deplores that he has been forced to cover well-trodden ground, his apology strikes us as unnecessary. He covers the ground remarkably well, revealing in the wealth of detail and wise running comment his wide and thorough knowledge of the city. Perhaps the normal exigencies of the task made the author choose the humbler role of guide, through the fetching mazes of the "town of light," waving his stick, as it were, at its coquetties, its history, its monuments, its fetes—at the whole lovely body of his favorite Paris.

"White Paris has been generally pictured, in our tongue, from the outside," continues Mr. Huddleston, "my ambition has been to picture it from the inside." The ambition is, to be sure, laudable, but it hasn't been quite achieved. Has a city a soul save that which is felt and seen and transmuted by the creative writer or artist? The soul of Paris (the well-made body, we repeat, is most persuasively given) somehow escapes us in this attractive book because, at a hazard, Mr. Huddleston himself is but timidly committed in its pages.

PIERRE LOVING

Essays in Architecture

The A B C of Architecture. By Matlock Price. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The Essence of Architecture. By W. R. Greely. D. Van Nostrand Company. \$2.50.

Mudejar. By Georgiana Goddard King. Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs. Longmans Green and Company. \$2.50.

Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain. By R. A. Cram. Marshall Jones Company. \$5.

THE first two of these books are excellent examples of how two different lines of attack on the same problem, the popularization of architecture, can give two contrasting results. "The A B C of Architecture" attempts in the space of 230 pages to include not only a sketch of the history of architecture, with a brief analysis of American development, but also a section on the study of architecture and architecture as a profession. This is a manifest impossibility, and the book, full of random technicalities, and carelessly but profusely illustrated by heterogeneous drawings and photographs, taken from all sorts of sources without credit, is superficial and valueless either to layman or student. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern trend to furnish painless knowledge by outlines of everything.

By contrast "The Essence of Architecture," though even briefer, seems profound. It is a carefully organized and well-presented analysis of the art of architecture—its aims, its methods, its achievements. It is clearly written, and despite an occasional labored epigram and some sentimentality it should prove a valuable book for any one who seeks knowledge of what architecture is all about.

The other two books are scholarly and authoritative historical analyses, one of a style, the other of a great cultural

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movement. The new edition of "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," first published in 1905, has little new material. Mr. Cram's rather querulous and strident medievalism appears most powerfully in his love for monasticism; the new edition is welcome for again making available this well-known and trenchant expression of that love. Mr. Cram is a skilful propagandist, and though the beauty and the clarity of his writing well express the intensity of his passion, they can not blind one to his one-sided and prejudiced view of life.

Miss King's "Mudejar" is a welcome addition to our knowledge of Spanish art. Its differentiation between the Moorish, the Mudejar, and the Gothic clarifies the whole history of medieval architecture in Spain, and its tracing of Mudejar influences into Renaissance and baroque art helps to account for the peculiarly vivid character of Spanish baroque. The book is well illustrated and thoroughly documented, with a complete bibliography, yet the whole is presented simply, concisely, and with personal charm—something quite different from the usual archaeological contribution. It sets a standard for the Bryn Mawr monographs which will be hard to uphold.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Critical Political Thought

Political Pluralism. By Kung Chuan Hsiao. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE doctrine of political monism assumes that in every state there is a single center of ultimate authority. On the other hand, political pluralism predicates that discoverable authority in society is manifold and that the monistic assumption is both unreal and dangerous. Professor Hsiao's volume is an analysis of that theory from the standpoint of an attenuated monism. The author devotes separate chapters to the legal, administrative, political, philosophical, and ethical aspects of pluralism and thus surveys the views of Duguit, Krabbe, the Webbs, Laski, and Cole. He offers lengthy criticism of the views discussed and penetrating comparisons with the relevant theories of the major prophets of the past. To Professor Hsiao the essence of pluralism is the advocacy of a division of the state and sovereignty into political and economic functions. He rightly concludes that its chief contribution is the broadening of the base of the state by stressing social and economic factors. The book presents the most critical and comprehensive study of the subject and is, in fact, a competent contribution.

However, Professor Hsiao's admirable aim at reconciling conflicting doctrines entices him to exaggerate slightly the extent of agreement reached. Thus, for example, Hobbes was less concerned in limiting sovereignty by "laws of nature" and "laws of God," and Cole's theory of a functionally coordinated society is more remote from the Hegelian God-State than the author supposes. Nor does Cole's view that the individual is to judge any function from the standpoint of social welfare approach the doctrine of the "general will." The omission, too, of any reference to Fascism is perhaps because Fascist theory is yet incomplete. Again, more than a little doubtful is the author's view that the gist of pluralism is an emphasis on a duality of politics and economics. The crux of pluralism is rather a defense of the individual against the "Great State." Cole does not offer the most typical pluralistic theory, as the author suggests, but the most extreme. It is true that present-day writers stress economic functions, but this concentration does not necessarily involve pluralism as the traditional Fabians and Marx have shown. Figgis—whom the author curiously dismisses with bare footnotes—has offered the pluralistic thesis on behalf of religious bodies and not economic. The varied administrative proposals offered by Cole, Laski, and the Webbs are merely different administrative structures of the pluralistic state.

LEWIS ROCKOW

Bravo!

To the Foot of the Rainbow. By Clyde Kluckhohn. The Century Company. \$3.50.

WITH one comrade, another college youth sent on a mission like his own, Clyde Kluckhohn packed through the region of northern New Mexico and Arizona, southern Colorado and Utah, just to set eyes on the country and its people, and for the sake of high emprise determined to find and view the Rainbow Bridge of southern Utah; one of the many natural wonders of an unexampled land. The story—from the hand of an undergraduate, mind you—is told with modesty, vigor, humor, and the keen enlightenment of a mind that was as vividly on the job as limbs and wits had to be if the voyage were to be rounded into a return.

There is a start from Gallup, New Mexico, where the fable of the Rainbow is broached—for it is, here, half fabulous. There is a journey of try-out and inspection up to Santa Fe and Taos, with stops for Pueblo dances and a loafing in the Jemez Mountains; there is the wandering on into the country of the Navaho and out into the region of the Black Mesa, where the Indian children were to see in the wanderers their first glimpse of the white race. Finally there is the adventure into the sheer wilderness, beyond even Indian habit, and the attainment of the Rainbow itself! Perils by the way—thirst, hunger, storm, accident, and, too, pleasant stops at remote trading stations, in native hogans, around chance campfires, with a Navaho dance here, a Paiute sun-ceremony there, a by-excursion into cliff-dwellers ruins, or down into the Painted Desert—for there is time for all things.

The whole adventure is in the true spirit of your errant sir knight, and if the tilts are with cameras rather than lances and the jousts are horse-tradings, none the less the spirit is there, and it is eternal! Surely it is one of the most precious of the possessions of these United States that in the very core of our continent great regions defy the hand of the human spoiler. The desert—mesa and canyon, sand-plain and rock-cliff—this is the matrix of the jewels of nature, most glorious where most they are difficult of access and jealous of their solitude.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

Books in Brief

The Song of Solomon. King James Version. Illustrated with Woodcuts on every page by Wharton Esherick. Published by the Centaur Press, Philadelphia, and distributed by Random House. \$15.

Midsummer Eve. By Æ. Published by Crosby Gaige and distributed by Random House. \$7.50.

Random House in New York is a clearing-house in America for finely printed books issued, as these two are, in limited editions. "The Song of Solomon" is given here a most beautiful and interesting dress, Mr. Esherick's woodcuts adding distinction to a volume already distinguished for its paper, press-work, and incidental decoration. Æ does not at all alter his stature in "Midsummer Eve," a very slender collection of new poems; as always he shows himself to be a pure, rather severely limited poet. The edition is decidedly worthy of praise, achieving appropriately simple ends through the most fastidious means.

Elements of Rural Sociology. By Newell Leroy Sims. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.75.

This is by far the most scholarly and comprehensive of the numerous recent textbooks on rural sociology—and the only one of marked value for reference purposes. The author has brought together from innumerable sources a mass of pertinent

data, which he interprets with accuracy. He sketches also a significant background of rural history and contemporary European practice. The work is largely free from the sentimental bunk and the uncritical assumptions characteristic of most contemporary writings on rural life. Unfortunately, the book is badly written, but not worse than other books in its field.

The Book in Italy During the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, Shown in Facsimile Reproductions from the Most Famous Printed Volumes Collected under the Auspices of the Royal Italian Minister of Instruction, together with an Introduction by Guido Baggi. Explanatory Text and Comment by William Dana Orcutt. Harper and Brothers. \$15.

This is much the most ambitious and beautiful of the three books on fine printing which Mr. Orcutt has published to date. It contains reproductions of 132 out of the 199 pages displayed in the album of the Italian Government at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and amounts to a survey of the whole art of printing during perhaps its finest period and at its most significant place—Italy, the mother of the Renaissance. Guido Baggi, late librarian of the Laurentian Library in Florence, who secured for Mr. Orcutt the permission to reproduce these specimen pages from magnificent Italian books, closes his introduction with some interesting remarks on the distinction between printing as an art and printing as an industry. The distinction seems to be coming clear to more and more people today; if it is not clear to any one he is advised to turn over these handsome pages—pages in which there is no monotony and on which there is always something to engage the exacting eye. The specimens are grouped according to the cities which produced them; and at the beginning there are reproductions of three miniatures—a Petrarch, a Laura, and an Annunciation—such as used to appear in printed books in order to recommend them among those readers who had known and loved decorated manuscripts. The miniatures are given here in exquisite colors, and alone make the book worth while.

Selected Poems of Amy Lowell. Edited by John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

Mr. Lowes faced a difficult task here—the task not only of pleasing Miss Lowell's widely scattered audience but of selecting from her eleven volumes the really and permanently best poems, the number of which is admitted by many even of her admirers to be somewhat less than great. He seems to have come through the ordeal quite satisfactorily. This will undoubtedly be the source henceforth for most persons' knowledge of Amy Lowell.

The Adventures of Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass. By Mark Twain. Edited by Charles Honce, with a Foreword by Vincent Starrett, and a Note on "A Celebrated Village Idiot" by James O'Donnell Bennett. Pascal Covici. \$5.

Interesting as being virtually the first professional efforts of Samuel Clemens, these three "letters" reprinted from the Keokuk (Iowa) *Saturday Post* of 1856-1857 are still very lame stuff—merely museum pieces, as Mr. Starrett warns the reader beforehand. They were worth putting on record, and that is about all there is to say.

Gongorism and the Golden Age. A Study of Exuberance and Unrestraint in the Arts. By Elisha K. Kane. University North Carolina Press. \$3.50.

Mr. Kane makes the most thorough study to date of the literary phenomenon known as Gongorism which made itself felt in Europe during the seventeenth century. He relieves Gongora, the reputed father of this highly affected movement, of the full charge for its blame by showing how it antedated him and how it was in a sense inevitable in such a day—branching off to show the same forces at work at various times, including today, and to discover analogous tendencies in the other arts of Gongora's century. The book is marred by occasional profes-

sorial smartness and by a complete lack of sympathy on the author's part with exuberance and grotesqueness in art; but it is a valuable study, and indeed a contribution to current literary and aesthetic criticism.

Spain from the South. By J. B. Trend. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

An expert in the subject writes a glorified guide-book to historical Spain, commencing at Algeiras, Ronda, and Cadiz and going on through Seville, Cordoba, and Granada to Toledo. Mr. Trend knows his Old Spain richly and well, and furnishes among other things a group of valuable translations from the Moorish poets.

Mystic Italy. By Michael I. Rostovtzeff. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

The three lectures comprising this slender volume, *Mystic Italy*, *Mystic Pompeii*, *Mystic Rome*, are as expert as authority can make them at the same time that they are fascinating in detail and extraordinarily rich in suggestion. Professor Rostovtzeff studies the evidences that survive in the excavations at Pompeii and Rome of the vogue of certain mystic cults, notably the Dionysian, which took hold of the Italian peninsula as soon as its people, to use the phrase of Gilbert Murray, lost its intellectual nerve. The evidences are sculptures and mural paintings, and the author, true to his characteristic method, confines himself almost entirely to a running commentary on these remains, many of which he reproduces as illustrations of the text.

The King of Spain and Other Poems. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Mr. Bodenheim's new volume has all of his old merits and a proportionate share of his only defect—monotony. For a poet who makes so much, in footnotes and elsewhere, of his sardonic and even savage character, he is singularly lacking in the capacity for emphasis, and hence the capacity for giving the reader relief.

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International Relations Section

C. P. Scott on Disarmament

AT the conference which opened in London on July 6 composed of delegates representing an international entente of Liberal, Democratic, and Radical parties in twelve European countries, Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, made the following address:

I suppose every man in this room is an ardent advocate of international peace. We all desire it with our whole hearts; it is partly in order to testify to that desire and to do something toward its fulfillment that we are here. And in this we do but represent the common feeling. The whole world today seeks peace, and yet, perhaps, there never was a time when it was so haunted by the specter of war; and it is not to its aspirations that it responds, but to its fears. It is armed to the teeth. How shall we account for this grotesque contradiction? No doubt it is the very existence of these armaments which is the chief cause of these fears, and the obvious remedy for the one would therefore seem to be to remove or vastly to reduce the other. That is recognized, and there exists actually a commission of the League of Nations established for this very purpose. It would be interesting therefore to know of the progress this committee is making. I regret to say that no news of such progress is forthcoming. At least it has not reached me. If other members of this assembly have been more fortunate they will no doubt let us know. The committee, it is true, sits, but unfortunately it does not progress. There have even been signs that such movement as can be detected in this great matter has of late been in an opposite direction.

Disarmament for this country means naval disarmament. Some years ago there was a conference on this subject at Washington between the five principal naval Powers. It did an extraordinary thing; it not only stopped the competition in armament of these Powers as regards the largest and most expensive kind of warships, but it actually caused certain of these tremendous structures either built or building to be destroyed. Think of that! The latest and most perfect of the engines of destruction thrown half-built on to the scrap-heap. It might almost seem as though the millennium of peace, if not arrived, were close in the offing. But the vision did not last, and when last year the United States tried to go a step farther on the same road and to come to an agreement with this country in regard to the next size of great ships, the cruisers, the proposal was coldly received. War between the two countries was indeed declared to be unthinkable, but at the same time it appeared that our Admiralty thought enough about it to be entirely unwilling to make any change which would place the next strongest naval Power in a position of advantage. And, if truth must be told, the United States Admiralty acted in exactly the same spirit.

I have referred first to this matter not because it is in itself of the first importance, but partly because it touches our impeccable selves and partly because it is so typical. Professions abound; it is performance which, unfortunately, is lacking. There are fine words in plenty, but then fine words butter no parsnips. And so it happens that in the larger European field there is found the same contradiction, unlimited professions of peace and equally unlimited preparations for war. So that it now comes to this, that instead of having, as in the old unregenerate days, armaments for war, we now have armaments for peace. But the mischief of it is that peace armaments are still armaments, that where there are guns loaded they are apt to go off, and that the absurdity of making enormous preparations and spending enormous sums for an event which it is agreed on all hands is never to take place is so glaring and the anomaly so great that in the end, if only

for reason's sake, it is likely to be quite simply resolved; the agreement will vanish and the guns will go off.

And the strange thing is that alongside of this great organization for war there is an equally imposing organization for peace, and in the League of Nations we have the expression of man's hopes as in the fleets and armies we have the expression of his fears. It is a struggle to the death between the two, between a power resting on reason and humanity and one which draws its strength from some of the deepest and most primitive instincts of mankind. We know where we here stand, every man of us in this room: how shall we help to tip the balance, how bring such aid as we may to the right side in this perennial and fateful contest?

We are friends of peace; what do we mean by peace? It is possible to think of peace as a passive state, as a state in which people do not go to war because there is, for the time being, no particular reason for doing so. Obviously peace under such conditions is insecure and war lurks in the background waiting only for its occasion and its opportunity. Yet that is the only kind of peace which hitherto the world has known and the only kind which it is likely to know so long as our thoughts and our dispositions remain exactly what they are. The League of Nations, it is true, represents another principle. It prepares actively and systematically for peace among the nations of the whole world, and has created an elaborate machinery by which nations may be prevented from rushing hastily into war. But this, after all, is machinery only and, like every other kind of machinery, it demands, if it is to operate, a motive power. And it is such motive power, active, alert, persistent, which alone can save us, which alone in the end can save civilization. What does that mean? It means that our whole idea of peace must be changed. It must become active instead of passive, dynamic instead of static.

Those, it may be, are just words. We must try to clothe them and make them alive. Why do nations arm? They arm because they are afraid. Why are they afraid? They are afraid because they take a narrow and impoverished view of their neighbors, regarding them almost wholly in the light of possible adversaries, of possible assailants. So rooted is this view, so deeply does it dominate men's spirits, that the greatest military Power in the world, faced by a neighbor totally and permanently disarmed, continually speaks, dreams, and prepares for what it calls an "unprovoked attack" from that prostrate neighbor. And not only so, but when that neighbor, by an act of great wisdom and generosity, voluntarily and spontaneously renounced for all time its claim on certain disputed territory which for generations had been the prime cause of quarrel between the two peoples, this act, which should once for all have released the tension between them, had no such effect and was regarded by the other side only as an occasion for the demand of fresh guaranties of quite another sort.

I call attention specifically to this incident not with any intention of throwing special blame upon our great neighbor, who is also our great friend, but because it helps to drive home my point. If there is ever to be a real peace in Europe, in the world, our neighbors must be something more to us than possible adversaries. We must understand them, enter into their life. Why not even care for them? That would indeed be the dictate of religion, but who in these days cares for religion, even the religion of humanity, when it is a question of the relations of states? Yet none the less the affairs of our neighbors, the home affairs of every distinctive European state, are, one might suppose, not without interest, not without instruction, not without help and comfort for ourselves if we will approach them with understanding and intelligence and in the spirit of friendship. And that is what I mean by the active conception of peace—that is, a peace resting on comprehension, intelligence, and a natural and lively good feeling—such a feeling as may naturally exist between neighbors in private life. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

FREDERICK L. FERRIS is on the editorial staff of the *Trenton Evening Times*.

MCALISTER COLEMAN, columnist and writer on labor conditions, is a contributing editor of the *New Leader*.

H. J. TIMPERLEY is Peking correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*.

J. RANKEN TOWSE was for many years the dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post*.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL was the winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1927.

EMIL LENGYEL is a Hungarian journalist now living in the United States.

LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN, Latin-American writer, born in Porto Rico, was technical assessor for the Cuban government during the Havana Conference.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor with Morris L. Ernst of "To the Pure," a forthcoming book on the obscenity laws.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN is a member of the department of government at Cornell University.

PIERRE LOVING is an American critic now living in France.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a New York architect, and the author of "The American Spirit in Architecture."

LEWIS ROCKOW is the author of "Contemporary Political Thought in England."

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is the author of "Manito Masks, Dramatizations with Music of American Spirit Legends."

A Report to Stockholders

AT the dinner to Mr. Villard on March 13, the Tenth Anniversary Committee of *Nation* Readers made him a birthday present of 2,300 new subscriptions to the paper that he edits—1,304 *Nation* readers had joined in the gift. So many others wanted to join that the period was extended to July 1, the Tenth Anniversary of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorship. And on that date the birthday present had grown to 4,000 new subscriptions—from 2,017 readers.

Those subscriptions are not only a gift to Mr. Villard but a gift to the cause of liberal thinking in America. We congratulate you and ourselves—and America—on the result. *The Nation* has never been stronger or more needed than today. The anniversary is past; but some of us intend to continue making *The Nation* and its liberal gospel known to our friends.

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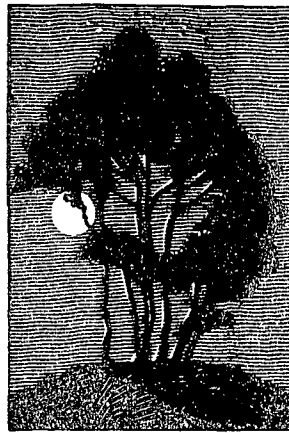
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